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H. Snock
HIPPOLYTUS,
George Mason. A. M.
AND

IPHIGENIA IN AULIS,

TWO TRAGEDIES OF

E U R I P I D E S.

Two tragedies of Euripides

TRANSLATED BY

W. Wodhull, Esq.

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P R E F A C E.

EURIPIDES was born in the island of Salamis, in the seventy-fifth Olympiad ; his parents Mnesarchus and Clito having retired thither from Athens at the time that city was menaced by the powerful armament of Xerxes. Historians are by no means agreed as to the rank of our Poet's Father and Mother : the proofs which some endeavour to adduce of their nobility do not appear by any means convincing ; and if we admit the oracle of Apollo to have been consulted by them during the pregnancy of Clito, in regard to the fortunes of their future Child, as an attention to the voice of soothsayers is by no means peculiar to those of high birth or affluence, it might be too precipitate to conclude from thence, with Bayle, either that her station in life was superior to that of an herb-woman, or that the distressed circumstances of her Husband were not among his principal motives for changing the place.

to mere accident, and suppose that his meditations, caused him to wander too far into a wood: he appears, at the time this calamity befel him, to have been more than seventy years old.

Archelaus caused the remains of the Tragic Bard to be interred at Pella with great funeral magnificence. No sooner did the account of his death reach Athens, than he was universally lamented by his countrymen; Sophocles, like a generous rival, appeared drest in mourning, and introduced his actors on the stage without garlands. The road leading from the city to the Piræus, was the spot pitched upon by the Athenians for erecting a monument in honour of Euripides. Though the pieces he composed were numerous, being, according to some writers seventy-five, and according to others ninety-two, Mæschopulus says he gained only five prizes, four while living, and one after his death: some years, however, before he retired to Macedon, Plutarch relates, in his Life of Nicias, that several Athenian soldiers, whom the Sicilians had taken prisoners, by repeating to their conquerors some verses of Euripides, obtained the kindest treatment, and a speedy release from their captivity.

Longinus celebrates Euripides for his peculiar excellence in describing Love and Madness: talents for moving pity in a superior degree to any other dramatic writer, have been with one consent allowed to be his characteristic. - Quintilian recommends his Tragedies in the strongest terms to pleaders at the bar; and it would here be easy to fill many pages with testimonies highly honourable to him, both from the antients and moderns: but the merits of Euripides are so generally known, that I shall not

attempt to enter on a minute discussion of them, being sensible that the translator of a favourite Author is of all men least adequate to the province of impartial Criticism.

A considerable portion of my time has for several years been employed in either forming or revising this version, which I submit to the decision of the public, and am by no means sanguine in my hopes of its success: but whatever reception this undertaking may meet with, I shall never be brought to consider any labours as utterly fruitless which have introduced me to a more intimate knowledge of these valuable remains of antiquity, than I should otherwise in all probability have acquired. Such a search as seemed absolutely necessary into most of the comments and various readings, poured in abundantly from every quarter, very considerably retarded my progress, but has not been without its use, in enabling me to rectify some material errors which had escaped notice: after all the circumspection I have made use of, the number of my inaccuracies will I fear still be found considerable, and would inevitably have been much greater, but for the kindness of those learned Friends who have taken the trouble of comparing my translation with the original, in passages where the Author's sente seemed most dubious. Another Gentleman, who died about six years ago, leaving those who had the happiness of knowing him every reason to regret his loss, favoured me at an early period with some useful remarks on my version of the *Orekes*, and agreed with me that the subjoining to it a short History of the House of Tantalus might be of service, towards making events with which the greater part of Euripides's Tragedies have some degree of connection, better known to such

readers as are not intimately conversant with the mythological records of those times, than could have been done by splitting what is there collected into a variety of detached notes.

As for any help beyond what is already mentioned, I have had no coadjutor either in the translation or notes, some of which I am sensible will to many be uninteresting, but are inserted through a mere principle of self-defence, as vouchers for my interpretation. The ground-work on which I proceeded has been Barnes's valuable edition: of this, as near ninety years are now elapsed since its publication, I may be indulged with the more freedom in speaking my sentiments: to that learned Commentator I feel myself under a multitude of obligations, which I shall always acknowledge with pleasure: if it be objected that some of his notes are prolix and desultory, it ought to be remembered on the other hand, that he had not only a considerable skill in verbal criticism, but always availed himself of extensive reading, aided by a peculiar happiness of memory, for illustrating the mythology and customs of the Antients, and throwing the clearest light on some passages which before were either totally misunderstood, or considered as unintelligible. But such is the imperfection of the human capacity, that no editions are exempt from many defects. In the copy of Barnes which I made use of, I have from time to time written down on the margin such corrections or variations as occurred to me on perusing the notes of Valkenaer, Mr. Markland, Dr. Musgrave, Mr. Tyrwhitt, Brunck, and others; most of which, especially those which were so material as in any degree to interest an English reader, I afterwards examined with a greater degree of attention in revis-

ing my translation. The Index subjoined to the fourth volume is meant to assist the English reader, and supply the most material interpretations left deficient in my notes, which are sometimes, I perceive, too thinly scattered, especially in the Fragments.

Wherever the antient Editions are cited, I have seldom failed turning to the passage in them, or consulting a quotation in its original Author before I ventured to transcribe it: but even in these respects the library of an obscure individual will not always second the wishes of its owner, or enable him to proceed uniformly in his search; nor must I omit mentioning among its deficiencies that of frequently reducing me to give my own version of lines quoted from the Poets, because I had none to copy. In regard to Manuscripts, wherever they are mentioned, I produce my vouchers, and am not able to say any thing from myself: to such readings, brought forward by later Editors, as are founded on their joint concurrence, I have considered the utmost deference as due: these I am very happy to find are by far less numerous and less violent in their operation than I had been taught to apprehend. As for mere conjectural alterations, from whatever quarter they proceed, or however eagerly they are maintained, they are universally allowed to be extremely dangerous auxiliaries to a translator, unless their boasted acuteness and ingenuity is corroborated by a necessity for their introduction.

At my first entrance on this undertaking, I did not extend my views beyond a volume of select Tragedies; but the farther I proceeded, the more dubious I found myself what to choose and what to reject; added to this motive, the disapprobation

F A C E.

tions of celebrated writers
by the public, determined
small progress, to translate
Fragments, consisting of
five hundred lines, appear
trivial gleanings which I was
or omit: their intrinsic me-
at, and so ample a collecti-
ested in Barnes's edition, but
bsequent improvements and
eath, Valkenaer, and Dr.
able claims to the attention
le Volume of no inconside-
riated by Carmelli to the
they have caused some addi-
t to the number, of my four
h seemed ill calculated for
I have omitted; as the
those Greek letters which
s, together with here and
ce, or such as was nearly
eady occurred.

be superfluous to premise,
able remains of the Philoso-
ad with the noblest precepts
will find some few sentences
supposed to be the language
ted on the Athenian stage,
ffuminating their blasphem-
ents, but in order to strike
their signal punishment, as
and Ixion: it is with great
Plutarch cites one of these
ewing the irreligious dispo-

If I have not translated the arguments prefixed to each Tragedy, it is by no means owing to any wish to decline so small an addition to the talk I had engaged in, but merely to my judging that the Prologues or introductory speeches, which are usually very clear and circumstantial, render such assistance less needful for the purpose of illustrating Euripides, than in any dramatic performances I ever recollect to have met with, whether antient or modern: which made me apprehend, that such double preludes, first in plain prose and then in verse, might be thought superfluous.

Of the notes, which I have already mentioned, I have little more to say, but that they are collected from a variety of editors and commentators, and will, I hope, many of them, be found explanatory of antient manners, and the history of the Fabulous and Heroic ages: the few of my own which I have hazarded, however defective in other respects, I can venture to speak of as written by an unconnected man, who is not disposed to step aside either to flatter the living, or insult the dead, and whose peculiar attention it has been to keep them clear from every the smallest allusion to any modern disputes either in politics or literature. If opinions relative to matters of criticism are there at any time maintained against those to whom it might seem that implicit deference is due from one so greatly their inferior, I trust it will be found, upon examination, that I am not contending for readings or interpretations of my own broaching, but such as have been received by those who are the more to be relied upon, because their fame has stood undiminished thro' a series of years.)

Berkley-square,
April 24th, 1782.

H I P P O L Y T U S.

Η μιν ταλευσει δυσλυποις οιςρε βροχαι,
Ερωτας, εκ ερωτας, αλλ' Ερινυων
Πικραν αποφυλασσα κηρελκον ταγην.

LYCOPHRON.

B

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

VENUS.

HIPPOLYTUS.

ATTENDANTS of HIPPOLYTUS.

OFFICER *belonging to the Palace.*

CHORUS of Trozenian Dames.

NURSE.

PHÆDRA.

THESEUS.

MESSENGERS.

DIANA.

SCENE, *before PITTHEUS' Palace at Trozene.*

HIPPOLYTUS.

Venus,

MY empire Man confesses, and the name
 Of Venus echoes thro' Heaven's wide expanse.
 Among all those who on the distant coast
 Of ocean dwell, 'and earth's remotest bounds
 Old Atlas' station, who upholds the skies,
 Beholding the resplendent solar beams;
 On them who to my power due homage pay
 Great honours I bestow, and to the dust
 Humble each proud contemner. E'en the race
 Of happy Deities with pleasure view
 The reverence mortals yield them. Of these words
 Ere long will I display the truth: that Son

HIPPOLYTUS.

Of Theseus and the [1] Amazonian Dame,
 Hippolytus, by holy Pittheus taught,
 E'en he alone among all those who dwell
 Here in Troezenè, of th' immortal Powers
 Styles me the weakest, loathes the genial bed,
 Nor to the sacred nuptial yoke will bow :
 Apollo's Sister Diana sprung from Jove : . . .
 He worships, her the greatest he esteems
 Of all the Gods, and ever in her groves
 A favour'd comrade of the virgin dwells,
 With his swift hounds the flying beasts of prey
 Expelling from their haunts, and aims at more
 Than human nature reaches : him in this
 I envy not : why should I ? yet shall vengeance
 This day o'ertake the miscreant : I have forg'd
 Each implement already, and there needs
 But little labour to effect his doom.

[1] Plutarch says the name of the Amazonian captive whom Theseus married, was, according to some, Antiope, and, according to others, Hippolyta. In *Petit. Leg. Att. l. 6. tit. 1.* the reader will find a discussion of that law which enjoined the Athenians to take to Wife a citizen, which appears to have undergone several fluctuations, and sometimes to have been enforced with more, and sometimes with less, strictness; nor can we wonder if the children of Phædra, who was the Daughter of Minos king of Crete, and married to their sovereign, were legitimated by the people of Athens, while the Son of the captive Amazon, especially after the death of his Mother, and second marriage of his Father, found the law made use of against him, in order to bar his succeeding to the throne: but his exclusion is represented by the Nurse, v. 305, as depending on Phædra's life. In the course of this Tragedy, Theseus, v. 962, and Hippolytus himself, v. 1083, lay a great stress on the word *ρόφεις*, which signifies one "of spurious birth." I thought this explanation the more requisite, as Carmelli, in his notes, says he does not see why the Poet calls Hippolytus *ρόφεις*, and supposes him to mean nothing more than that Phædra was his Mother-in-law.

For erst on his arrival from the house
 Of Pittheus, in Pandion's land, to view
 The mystic rites, and in those mystic sites
 To be initiated; his Father's Wife
 Illustrious Phædra saw the Prince, her heart,
 At my behest, love's dire contagion seiz'd:
 And ere she came to this Trozenian coast,
 She, where Minerva's rock o'erlooks this land,
 To Venus rear'd a temple, for the youth
 Who in a foreign region dwelt, engross'd
 By amorous frenzy, and to future times
 Resolv'd this lasting monumental pile
 Of her unhappy passion to bequeath.
 But from Cecropia's realm since Theseus fled
 To expiate his pollution, with the blood
 Of [2] Pallas' Sons distain'd, and with his Queen
 Sail'd for this coast, to voluntary exile
 Submitting for one year, the wretched Phædra
 Groaning and deeply smitten by the stings
 Of love hath pin'd in silence, nor perceives
 One of her menial trials, whence this disease
 Invaded her. Yet of its full effect
 Must not her amorous malady thus fall:
 For I to Theseus am resolv'd to shew
 The truth, no longer shall it rest conceal'd:
 Then will the Father with his curses slay
 [3] My youthful foe: for the reward on Theseus

[2] "Nisus, Pallas, and Ægeus, were the three Sons of Pandion; Nisus dwelt at Megara; but Ægeus and Pallas ruled over some detached tribes; Attica not being yet collected into one state. It is said that Theseus killed one of his first cousins the Sons of Pallas, who was his competitor for the kingdom." Scholiast.

[3] We find by Dr. Mulgrave, Valkenear, and Brunck, that the reading of *reparar*, which is an evident improvement, is authorised by some of the manuscripts: *reparat* is that of Barnes and the preceding editors.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Conferr'd by Neptune ruler of the waves
 Was this ; that thrice he to that God might sue
 For any gift, nor should he sue in vain.
 Phædra is noble, yet she too shall perish,
 For I of such importance shall not hold
 Her ruin, as to spare those foes, on whom
 I the severest vengeance will inflict,
 That I may reassert my injur'd fame.
 But hence must I retreat : for I behold
 Hippolytus, this Son of Theseus comes,
 Returning from the labours of the chase :
 A numerous band of servants, on their Prince
 Attending, in the clatterotis song unite
 To celebrate Diana : for he knows not
 That hell hath op'd its gates, and he is doom'd
 After this day to view the sun no more.

Exit Venus.

HIPPOLYTUS, ATTENDANTS.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Come on, my Friends, attune your lays
 To resound Diana's praise,
 From the radiant fields of air
 She listens to her votaries prayer.

ATTENDANTS.

Awful Queen enthron'd above,
 Hail, thou progeny of Jove,
 Virgin Goddes, whom of yore,
 Latona to the Thunderer bore,
 Thy matchless beauties far outshine
 Each of those lovely Maids divine,

HIPPOLYTUS. 7

Who fill with their harmonious choir
The domes of Heaven's immortal Sire,
Hail, O thou whose charms excel
All Nymphs that on Olympus dwell:

HIPPOLYTUS.

To deck thee, I this wreath, O Goddess, bear,
Cropt from yon mead, o'er which no swain his flock
For pasture drives, nor hath the mower's steel
Despoil'd its virgin herbage, 'midst each flower,
Which spring profusely scatters, there the bee
Roams unmolested, and Religious Awe
Waters the champaign with abundant springs:
They who owe nought to learning, but have gain'd
From nature, wisdom such as never fails
In their whole conduct, are by Heaven allow'd
To cull these sweets, not so the wretch profane.
Vouchsafe, O dearest Goddess, to receive
This braided fillet for thy golden hair
From me a pious votary, who alone
Of all mankind am for thy worship meet,
For I with thee reside, with thee converse,
Hearing thy voice indeed, tho' I thy face
Have never seen. My life as it began
May I with spotless purity conclude!

OFFICER, HIPPOLYTUS.

OFFICER.

My royal Master (for the Gods alone
Challenge the name of [4] Lord), will you receive
A servant's good advice?

[4] The authority of Kings in the Grecian States appears to have been limited to such narrow bounds, that they were in

HIPPOLYTUS.

HIPPOLYTUS.

With joy; else void
Of wisdom I to thee might justly seem.

OFFICER.

Know you the law prescrib'd to man?

HIPPOLYTUS.

The law!
I cannot guess the purport of thy question.

OFFICER.

To loathe that pride which studies not to please.

but little more than Generals of the troops; no wonder therefore the people entertained a strong jealousy of their assuming such titles as denoted pretensions to arbitrary power. In Seber's Index to Homer, I do not once meet with the word *despotus*, here rendered "Lord." In the Rhesus of Euripides it twice occurs, and is both times put into the mouths of Barbarians. Henry Stephens, in his Greek Thesaurus, defines it, *proprie servi respectu dictus*. In the earlier times of the Roman Empire, when some appearance of a regard for freedom was still preserved, Suetonius informs us, that not only Augustus, but his successor Tiberius, rejected with great indignation the title of Lord; and we find by the Misopogon of Julian, that he followed their example at Constantinople in much later times, surrounded as he was by Asiatic slaves inured to the yoke, men to whom the sight of a Philosopher on the throne was so strange, that they ridiculed that moderation in the conduct of their sovereign, which they felt themselves incapable of imitating. Much as the use of words fluctuates, Dr. Johnson's interpretation of Despot, the English derivative from *despota*, is, "an absolute Prince, one that governs with unlimited authority."

HIPPOLYTUS.

9.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Right: for what haughty man is not abhorrd?

OFFICER.

Doth then an affable demeanor tend
To make us popular?

HIPPOLYTUS.

This much avails,
And teaches us with ease to gain renown.

OFFICER.

But think'st thou that among Celestial Powers
It bears an equal influence?

HIPPOLYTUS.

Since the laws
By which we mortals act, from Heaven derive
Their origin.

OFFICER.

Why then, an aweful Goddess,
Neglect you to invoke?

HIPPOLYTUS.

Whom? yet beware,
Lest thy tongue utter some imprudent words.

OFFICER.

This Venus who is station'd a'er your gate.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Still chaste I at a distance her salute.

OFFICER.

By mortals deem'd illustrious she exacts
Your worship.

HIPPOLYTUS.

We select this God, that friend,
As suits our various tempers.

OFFICER.

Were you wife,
Wife as you ought, you might be truly happy

HIPPOLYTUS.

I am not pleas'd with any God whose rites
Demand nocturnal secrecy.

OFFICER.

My Son,
We ought to reverence the immortal Powers.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Entering the palace, O my Friends, prepare
The viands, after a fatiguing chase.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Delicious is the banquet : tend my steeds,
That when I have refresh'd myself with food
Them I with more convenience to the car
May yoke, and exercise : but as for this
Thy Cyprian Queen, to her I bid adieu.

Exeunt Hippolytus and Attendants.

OFFICER.

Meantime (for the example of young men
Must not be imitated) prompt to think
And hold such language as a servant ought,
Before thy image I devoutly bend,
O sovereign Venus, thee doth it behove
To pardon the rash boy who flasht'd with pride
Speaks foolishly : seem thou as if his words
Had never reach'd thine ear : for sure the Gods
In wisdom should transcend man's groveling race.

Exit Officer.

CHORUS.

ODE.

I. 1.

A rock supplies, as we are told,
In such abundance the exhaustless rill,
That oft the virgins 'gainst its basis hold
Their copious urns to fill.

One of our associate train
Thither, in the limpid wave,
Went, her purple vests to lave,
Then hung them dripping on a cliff, to drain,
And imbibe the sunny gale :
I from her first caught this tale ;

I. 2.

That with sickness faint, alone
 In yonder palace on her sleepless bed
 Our Queen reclines, the a thin veil hath thrown
 Over her beauteous head :
 This we hear is the third day
 Since she those lips no more extends,
 To take the fruits which Ceres sends,
 Wasting that lovely frame with slow decay ;
 She thus her hidden griefs would end,
 Thus to the silent grave descend.

II. 1.

Thee some God with madness fir'd ;
 Art thou by Pan or Hecate possest ?
 Thy soul the Corybantes have inspir'd,
 Or Cybelè opprest.
 Perhaps exulting in the chace
 Thee [5] Dictynna doth pursue
 For neglecting homage due
 Her altar with the promis'd cates to grace,
 She swiftly glides o'er mountain steep,
 Fords the lake or billowy deep.

II. 2.

Have another's witching charms
 Seduc'd the Monarch to a stol'n embrace ;

[5] The history of the Cretan nymph Britomartis, and her receiving the name of Dictynna, from being caught in a fisherman's net, as she threw herself from a rock into the sea to avoid the pursuit of the amorous Minos, father to Phædra, is illustrated by the Scholiast and Barnes from a variety of authors, particularly Callimachus's hymn to Diana : from whence she appears to have been a follower of that Goddess, with whom she has very frequently been confounded, as by Euripides himself in his Iphigenia in Tauris, v. 127. edit. Barnes.

Doth then a harlot in thy Theseus' arms
 The nuptial couch disgrace?
 Or from Cretan shores I ween
 Some sailor cross'd the billowy main,
 Reach'd this hospitable plain,
 And bore a doleful message to the Queen:
 Hence with deepest anguish pain'd
 In her bed she is detain'd.

III.

Some hidden grief with pregnant throes combin'd,
 Oft dwells upon the female mind,
 Erst in my entrails rag'd this hidden smart:
 Diana that celestial maid,
 Amid the pangs of childbirth wont to aid,
 I then invok'd, and she whose dart
 Pierces the hind, with tutelary care
 Desconded at her votary's prayer,
 And with her brought each friendly Power
 Who guards our sex in that distressful hour.

But lo, her aged Nurse, before the gates
 Leads out the Queen, over whose downcast brow
 Care spreads a deeper cloud: my inmost soul
 Burns with impatience to explore the grief
 Which preys in secret on her fading charms.

PHÆDRA, NURSE, CHORUS.

N U R S E.

Ye wretched mortals, who by loath'd disease
 Are visited! what shall I do to aid thee,
 Or what shall I omit? the solar beams
 Here may'st thou view, here find a cooling air.

C

For we without the palace doors have borne
 The couch where sickening thou reclin'st. Thy talk
 Was all of coming hither: but in haste.
 Back to thy chamber soon wilt thou return:
 For thou each moment altering, tak'st delight
 In nothing long: the present quickly grows
 Unpleasing, somewhat absent thou esteem'st
 More grateful. Better were it to be sick:
 'Than tend the lingering patient; for the first
 Is but a simple ill, the last unites
 The mind's more pungent griefs and manual toil.
 But the whole life of man abounds with woe;
 Our labours never cease: yet sure there is,
 There is a blest futurity, conceal'd
 Behind thick night's impenetrable veil.
 We therefore seem mistaken; when we doat
 On yonder sun, that o'er this nether earth
 Displays its glittering beams, because we know
 No other life, nor have the realms beneath
 Been e'er laid open: but by tales, devis'd
 To cheat, at random are we borne away.

P H E D R A.

Lift up my body, prop my sinking head,
 Each limb, my friends, has lost its strength; sustain
 O ye who on your wretched mistress tend,
 My hands which hang quite motionless: away
 With cumbrous ornaments, the cowl remove,
 And let these tresses o'er my [6] shoulders flow.

[6] Had the reading of *ωμος*, "shoulders," instead of
ει μαι, "ab me," been any new-fangled device of Valkenier
 and Dr. Musgrave, I should not have considered it as sufficiently
 important to trouble the reader with: but he is here indebted
 to them for having restored the genuine text as it stood in the
 edition of Lascaris, which, according to Dr. Musgrave in his
 note, is authorised by every manuscript.

N U R S E.

Daughter, be cheerful, and compose to rest
 Thy languid frame: thou if with patience arm'd
 And generous fortitude of soul, wilt bear
 Thy sickness better. For mankind are doom'd
 By fate, to struggle with a load of ills.

P H E D R A.

How shall I drink at yonder limpid fount
 The cooling waters, and 'midst grassy vales
 Recline my wearied limbs beneath the shade
 Of spreading alders?

N U R S E.

What confus'd discourse
 Escapes thee? utter not before the crowd
 Such words as closely border on distraction.

P H E D R A.

Lead to yon mount; I tread the piny grove,
 Where the stanch hounds along the mazy track
 Follow their prey, and lightly bounding seize
 The dappled stag: ye Gods, with my shrill voice
 What joy to rouse them, while my auburn hair
 Floats in the wanton gale, and brandish round
 In my firm hand Theffalia's pointed lance.

N U R S E.

Whence, O my Child, proceed these anxious cares?
 What busines with the chase hast thou? why thirst
 For the pure fountain, while a constant spring,

C 2

Whose waters thou may'st drink, flows hard beside
The citadel?

P H E D R A.

Dread Artemis, thou Goddess
Presiding o'er yon sacred [7] lake, who aid'st
The fleet-hoof'd racer, bear me o'er thy fields
To tame Hennetia's coursers.

N U R S E.

Why repeat
These incoherent words? but now to climb
The mountain's lofty summit was thy wish
That thou might'st hunt, then on the sandy beach
To drive thy steeds. O for an able Seer
Who can expound, what God with iron curb
Subdues, my Daughter, and perverts thy soul.

P H E D R A.

Ah, what have I been doing? wretched me!
From my right senses whither have I wander'd?
Into this frenzy I, alas! am plung'd

[7] Some commentators think that Χίμνη is a proper name, and should be translated Limna, where it seems the gymnasium of Træzene was situated: but Pausanias informs us, that the temple erected to Dizna by Saron, an ancient king of that country, from whom the Saronian bay derived its name, stood, τελματωδεῖ loco palustri. The steeds of Hennetia are again mentioned, v. 1132, of this Tragedy, where they are called, in Rattalær's version, Paphalogenici; the Hennetians were a colony from that nation who settled on the borders of the Adriatic sea, at the spot where Venice now stands. Homer, in his catalogue of the Trojan allies, mentions Hepnetia as celebrated for its breed of mules.

By some malignant Demon. Yet once more
 Cover my head. The words which I have spoken
 Fill me with conscious shame, and many a tear
 Streams down my cheeks ; I feel the rising blush,
 And know not where to turn these eyes. The pang,
 When reason reassumes her throne, is great.
 Tho' madnes be an evil : yet 'tis best
 When in that state unconscious we expire.

N U R S E.

Thee thus I cover : but ah, when will death
 Cover my body ? a long life hath taught me
 Full many an useful lesson. Friendships form'd
 With moderation, for the human race
 Are most expedient, and not such as pierce
 The marrow of their souls : with the same ease
 As they the fæced chords entwine, they hught
 To slacken them at will. But for one heart
 To suffer twofold anguish, as I grieve
 For my unhappy Mistress, is a load
 Beyond endurance. 'Tis remark'd, there springs
 From all sensations too intense, more pain
 Than pleasure, and our health they oft impair.
 A foe to all excess, I rather praise
 This sentence ; " not too much of any thing ;"
 And in my judgment will the wise concur.

C H O R U S.

Thou aged Dame, who hast with stedfast zeal
 Attended royal Phædra, we observe
 What agonies she suffers, but discern not
 The nature of her malady ; and wish
 By thee to be instructed whence it springs.

N U R S E.

I know not ; for no answer will she give
To my enquiries.

C H O R U S.

Nor the source whence rise
Her sufferings ?

N U R S E.

Your account and mine agree :
For she on all these points remains still dumb.

C H O R U S.

How faint and wasted seems that graceful form !

N U R S E.

No wonder : since she tasted any food
This day's the third.

C H O R U S.

By Ate's wrath o'ercome,
Or does she strive to die ?

N U R S E.

To die she strives,
And by such abstinence her life would end.

C H O R U S.

Strange is thy tale : this cannot please her Lord.

N U R S E.

From him she hides her sickness, and pretends
To be in health.

C H O R U S.

If in her face he look,
Can he not read it?

N U R S E.

To a foreign land
From hence, alas, he went, nor yet returns!

C H O R U S.

Why art thou not more urgent to explore
This malady, these wanderings of her soul?

N U R S E.

Without effect all methods have I tried :
Yet with the self-same zeal will I persist,
That ye may testify the strong attachment
Which I to my unhappy Queen have borne.
O my lov'd Daughter, let us both forget
What we have said : be thou more mild, that gloom
Which overcasts thy brow, those harsh resolves,
Lay thou aside, and if to thee erewhile
I spoke amiss, in milder accents now
Will I express myself ; if under pains
Thou labour, such as may not be reveal'd,
To succour thee thy female friends are here :
But if the other sex may know thy sufferings,
Let the Physician try his healing art.
In either case, why silent ? it behoves thee,

O Daughter, to reply; and, if I speak
 Unwittingly, reprove me, if aright,
 With wholesome admonition O concur.
 Say somewhat: cast one look this way. Ah me!
 But listen to this truth, tho' more perverse
 Than ocean's waves: thy Children, if thou die,
 Will be deserted, and can have no share
 In the paternal house: for his first Queen,
 That martial Amazonian Dame, hath borne
 Their Sire's Son to lord it o'er thy race,
 Tho' illegitimate, with liberal views
 Train'd up from infancy, him well thou know'st,
 Hippolytus.

PHEDRÆ.

Ah me!

NURSE.

Doth then that name
 Affect thee?

PHEDRÆ.

You have ruin'd me; peace, peace:
 Be silent, I conjure you by the Gods,
 Speak of that man no more.

NURSE.

With open eyes,
 And senses now restor'd, canst thou neglect
 Thy Childrens interest, nor preserve thy life

PHEDRÆ.

I love my Children: but another storm
 Assails me.

HIPPOLYTUS.

xx

N U R S E.

O my Daughter, sure thy hands
Are undef'd with blood ?

P H E D R A.

My hands are pure,
Yet doth pollution harbour in my soul.

N U R S E.

Proceeds this mischief from some foe ?

P H E D R A.

A friend,
An unconsenting friend, alas, destroys me,
Nor do I perish thro' my own consent.

N U R S E.

Hath Theseus wrong'd thee ?

P H E D R A.

May I never be found
To have injur'd him !

N U R S E.

Then what important cause
Precipitates thy death ?

P H E D R A.

Indulge my error ;
For I 'gainst you offend not.

HIPPOLYTUS.

N U R S E.

My affent
To such request would be a breach of duty.

P H E D R A.

What mean you by this violence? why hang
Upon my hand?

N U R S E.

In suppliant posture thus,
Thus to thy knees for ever will I cling.

P H E D R A.

If you, unhappy woman, heard my woes,
You would partake them.

N U R S E.

What severer woe
Can possibly befall me than the loss
Of thee, my honour'd mistress? [8] for I see
Thou art resolv'd to perish.

P H E D R A.

This affair
To me will bring renown.

N U R S E.

Why then conceal
Those merits into which I wish t' enquire?

[8] The word οὐ, with which Phædra's reply usually commences, is here added to the Nurse's speech on the authorities of Valkenaer and Brueck.

P. H. A. D. R. A.

Me virtuous motives prompt to deeds of shame.

N. U. R. S. E.

Reveal those motives; hence shalt thou appear
More noble.

P. H. A. D. R. A.

I conjure you by the Gods,
Depart, and my right hand release.

N. U. R. S. E.

Not thus,
If this request from me thou still withhold.

P. H. A. D. R. A.

I will comply; for you an aged suppliant,
A due respect I entertain.

N. U. R. S. E.

In silence
Will I attend; now is it thine to speak.

P. H. A. D. R. A.

My wretched [9] Mother, what a love was thine!

[9] The reader will find the histories of Pasiphae the Mother, and Ariadne the Sister of Phaedra, in most of the mythological writers, particularly Ovid, Metamorphoses L. 8. v. 131—182.

NURSE.

Why should'st thou name her passion for that Bull?

PHEDRA.

And you my hapless Sister, Bacchus' Wife—

NURSE.

What ails thee? why dost thou recount the shame
Of these thy kindred?

PHEDRA.

But of me the third,
How wretched is the fate!

NURSE.

Thou strik'st me dumb.
Where will this history end?

PHEDRA.

Thence spring my woes,
Woes of no recent date.

NURSE.

I understand
As little of the secret I would learn,
As if thou still wert silent.

PHEDRA.

How should you
Divine my thoughts so as t' anticipate
What I would speak?

HIPPOLYTUS.

25

M U R S E.

No prophetess am I,
These mysteries with precision to unfold.

P H A B C 4.

Say, what is that which men entitle Love?

M U R S E.

Love is a mixture form'd of sweetest joys,
And torments most severe.

P H A B C 4.

The last of these
Have I experienc'd.

M U R S E.

Daughter, ha, what said'st thou?
For whom thus burn'st thou with forbidden fires?

P H A B C 4.

Who is that Son of th' Amazonian Dame?

M U R S E.

Mean'st thou Hippolytus?

P H A B C 4.

By yore not me,
That name was utter'd.

M U R S E.

Ah, what words are these?
How hast thou ruin'd me! This, O my friends,

D

Is not to be endur'd ; I cannot live
 To bear it : to these eyes the lamp of day
 Grows odious ; the encumbrance of this body,
 Will I cast off, nor on such tenure hold
 A being I abhor ; and now farewell
 For ever ; count me dead. Chaste matrons yield
 With some reluctance, yet to lawless love
 At length they yield. Venus is then no Goddess,
 But somewhat more than Goddess : for my Queen
 And me, and this whole house, hath she destroy'd.

CHORUS.

STROPHES.

Too clear thou heard'st the royal Dame confess
 The horrors which her bosom stain :
 O had I died ere this severe distress,
 Shook reason's seat, and fir'd her frantic brain !
 Thy sorrows are by Heaven decreed.
 [10] Ye miseries on which mortals feed !
 Thy shame lies open to the sun,
 And thou, my royal Mistress, art undone.
 Short is thy date :
 What cruel fate,
 Such as with life alone can end,
 Shall to the grave thy steps attend !
 I see, I see thro' time's deep gloom,
 These mansions fall by Venus' doom :
 Such revolution is at hand,
 Thee, hapless Cretan nymph, the Fates demand.

[10] The thought of Ποτοι τρεποφες βρολες strikingly resembles that of εγενητι τα δακρυα με εμοι γαρ οις ιμερχας και τυχος. as it stands in the Septuagint version of the Psalms ; and in the English, " my tears have been my meat day and night."

P H A E D R A.

O ye Trozenian matrons, who reside
 On this extremity of the domains
 Where Pelops rul'd ; thro' many a wakeful night
 Have I consider'd whence mankind became
 Thus universally corrupt, and deem
 That to the nature of the human foul,
 Our frailties are not owing : for to form
 Sound judgments, is a privilege enjoy'd
 By many. But the matter in this light
 Ought to be view'd ; well knowing what is good,
 We practise not. Some do amiss thro' sloth,
 Others to virtue's rigid laws prefer
 Their pleasures ; for with various pleasures, life
 Is furnish'd ; conversation lengthen'd out
 Beyond due bounds, ease that bewitching pest,
 And shame, of which there are two kinds, one leads
 To virtue, by the other is a [11] house
 Involv'd in woe ; but if the proper season
 For our expressing shame were ascertain'd
 With due precision, things which bear one name
 Could not have differ'd thus. When in my mind
 I had revolv'd these thoughts, to me it seem'd
 As if no magic had sufficient power
 To warp the steadfast purpose of my soul.
 Here I to you the progress of my heart
 Will next unfold, since Love with his keen shafts
 These wounds inflicted ; studious how to bear,
 As it became me, this abhor'd disease,
 I from that time have by a wary silence
 Conceal'd the pangs I suffer. For the tongue

[11] Dr. Musgrave in his note interprets $\alpha\chi\theta\sigma\alpha\chi\omega\tau\omega$ to
 mean, that a false shame induces many to live in a style too
 elegant, and beyond their income.

Must not be trusted, well can it suggest
To others wholesome counsels when they err,
Tho' to its owner oft it proves the source
Of grievous ills. I next, this amorous rage
With firmness was determin'd to endure,
And conquer it by chastity. At length,
When all these sage expedients prov'd too weak
O'er Venus to prevail, my best resource
I thought was death: none hath a right to blame
These counsels. May my virtues be conspicuous;
But when I act amiss, I would avoid
Too many witnesses. That on such deed,
And even the inclination to transgress,
Disgrace attends, I knew, and was aware
That if from honor's paths a woman swerve,
She to the world is odious. On her head
Be tenfold ruin heap'd who first presum'd
To introduce adulterers, and desile
The nuptial couch; from those of nobler birth
Began this evil thro' our sex to spread.
For when foul deeds please those who erst have borne
A virtuous character, to souls deprav'd
They recommend themselves beneath a form
Of seeming excellence. Those too I hate
Whose words are modest, but their lives impure
In private. O thou Goddess, who diest rise
From ocean, lovely Venus, how can these,
Without a blush, their injur'd Lords behold?
Tremble they not, lest their accomplice darkness,
Or lest the vaulted roofs of their abode,
Should send forth an indignant voice? this robs
Your Queen of life, my friends: so shall the charge
Of having sham'd my lord, my children sham'd,
Be never urg'd against me: free and blest
With liberty of speech, in the fam'd city
Of Athens, they shall dwell, maternal fame.

Transmitted for their portion. E'en the man
 Of dauntless courage, dwindles to a slave,
 If conscious that his mother or his Sire
 Have acted wickedly. One only good,
 A just and virtuous fool, the wife affirm,
 Strives for pre-eminence with life: for Time,
 At length, when like some blooming nymph her
 Contemplating, he to our eyes holds up [charms
 His mirror, every guilty wretch displays.
 Among that number may I ne'er be found !

C H O R U S.

Where-ever we discern it, O how fair
 Is modesty, that source of bright renown !

N U E S E.

O Queen, at first, an instantaneous shock,
 I from the history of thy woes, receiv'd :
 Now am I sensible my fears were groundless.
 But frequently the second thoughts of man [12]
 Are more discreet; for there is nothing strange,

[12] " Not with respect to us only, who are born to consume
 " the fruits of the earth: but Homer's immortal Gods frequent-
 " ly hold the same language, that their second thoughts ought
 " to improve in wisdom on their first. Eustathius quotes this
 " proverb of Euripides, which, it appears from Athenaeus, the
 " Tragic Bard has inserted, not only in his Hippolytus, but also
 " in his Cretan Virgins. — Zenobius and Diogenianus treating
 " of a proverb, the words of which are different from this verse
 " of Euripides, though the thought is the same, represent it as
 " deriving its origin from the sacred rites; in which if the vo-
 " taries were unable to appease the Gods by the victims first
 " slain, others called by the Romans Succedaneæ were added
 " to them, 'till by these means the Gods, or at least the Priest,
 " became propitious to them. See Aulus Gellius, and Erasmus
 " on the *Adage Posterioribus melioribus.*" VALKENAER.

Nought, in thy sufferings, foreign to the course
 Of nature: thee the Goddess in her rage
 Invades. Thou lov'st. And why should this surprize?
 Many as well as thee have done the same.
 Art thou resolv'd to cast thy life away,
 Because thou lov'st? how wretched were the state
 Of those who love, and shall hereafter love,
 If death must thence ensue! for tho' too strong
 To be withstood, when she with all her might
 Assails us, Venus gently visits those
 Who yield; but if she light on one who soars
 With proud and overweening views too high,
 As thou may'st well conceive, to utter scorn,
 Such she exposes; thro' the boundless tracts
 Of air she glides, and reigns 'midst ocean's waves:
 All things from her their origin derive,
 'Tis she that in each breast the genial seeds
 Of potent Love infuses, and from Love
 Descends each tribe that fills the peopled earth.
 They who with ancient writings have convers'd,
 And ever dwell among the tuneful Nine [13],

[13] "These verses of Euripides on the Loves of the Gods,
 are quoted by Scaliger in his notes on Propertius, and Bergler
 on the Clouds of Aristophanes, v. 1076. The following sen-
 timents exactly tally with them:

" ipsa Venus quamvis corrupta libidine Martis,
 " Num minus in celo semper honesta fuit?"
 What tho' by Mars that amorous God carest,
 Was Venus less rever'd among the blest?

PROPERTIUS, L. 2. EL. 23. v. 90.

" The Poet proceeds, v. 111, 112. to explain the ideas of the
 " Nurse in Euripides.

" Dic mihi quis potuit lectum servare pudicum?
 " Quæ Dea cum solo vivere sola Deo?"
 Produce one instance of a nuptial bed,
 By no successful paramour defil'd:
 Of what young Goddess was it ever said,
 That on her Lord, and him alone, she smil'd?

Know how to Theban Semele's embrace
 Flew amorous Jove, how bright Aurora stole
 Young Cephalus, and plac'd among the Gods
 The object of her passion : yet in Heaven
 They still reside, where unabash'd they meet
 Their kindred Gods ; those Gods, because they feel
 A sympathetic wound, I deem, indulge
 Their weakness : and wilt thou refuse to bear
 Like imperfections ? Nature on these terms
 Decreed, thou from thy Father should'st receive
 Thy being : look for other Gods, or yield
 Submission to these laws. Hast thou observ'd,
 How many Husbands, men who are endu'd
 With a superior wisdom, when they see
 The nuptial bed by secret lust defil'd,
 Appear as tho' they saw not ; and how oft
 The Fathers, if their Sons transgress, connive
 At their unhappy passion ? To conceal
 Unseemly actions, is no trifling part
 Of human wisdom ; nor should man, his life
 Form with too great precision ; for the roof,
 The covering from the storm, the builder leaves
 Less fair, less highly finish'd. If immers'd
 In evils great as those thou hast describ'd,
 How can'st thou hope to 'scape ? but if thy virtues,

“ Theseus, in the Hercules Distracted of our author, speaks.
 “ in the same strain of the Gods recorded by the Poets : and
 “ Racine puts much of the language of Euripides' Nurse into
 “ the mouth of his Oenone, who expresses herself in these cha-
 “ racteristic terms.

“ Les Dieux même, les Dieux de l'Olympe habitans,
 “ Qui d'un bruit si terrible épouvantent les crimes,
 “ Ont brûlé quelquefois des feux illégitimes.”
 The very Gods who on Olympus' height
 Their station hold, and loudly thunder forth
 Such dreadful threats 'gainst human sin, have felt
 In their own bosoms some unlawful fires. VALKENAER.

Since thou art only human, far exceed
 Thy failings, it is well with thee : desist,..
 O my lov'd daughter, from thy evil purpose,
 And cease to utter those reproachful words,..
 For there is nought but contumelious pride
 In thy endeavour to be yet more perfect
 Than the immortal Gods : enjoin thy passion
 With fortitude, since 'twas the will divine
 That thou should'st love : but give a prosperous turn,
 If possible, to thy disease. For songs
 There are with magic virtue fraught, and words
 Which sooth the soul : hence an effectual cure
 May be obtain'd : in such discovery man
 Would long in vain be busied, to our sex
 If no spontaneous stratagem occur.

C H O R U S.

Tho' her advice, amid thy present woes,
 O Phædra, be more useful, I applaud
 Thy better purpose ; yet applause unsought
 May haply give offence, and to thine ear
 Convey sounds harsher than her specious words.

P H Æ D R A.

'Tis this, e'en this, too plausible a tongue,
 Which, states administer'd by wholesome laws,
 And houses of the mighty, hath o'erthrown ;
 Nor should we utter what delights the ear,
 But for renown a generous thirst instil.

N U R S E.

What means this grave harangue? noneed hast thou
 Of well-turned phrases, but the man thou lov'st
 Look out with speed for those who, in clear terms,

Will to the Prince thy real state unfold.
 But had not such calamities assail'd
 Thy life, and thou remain'd a virtuous Dame,
 I ne'er to gratify thy wild desires,
 Would have entic'd thee to a lawless bed :
 But now this great exertion, to preserve
 Thy life, is such as envy could not blame.

PHARAS.

Detested speech ! will you ne'er close that mouth,
 And the ungrateful repetition cease
 Of words so infamous ?

NURSE.

What I propos'd,
 Tho' culpable it be, far better suits
 Thy interest than severer virtue's rules ;
 For indiscretion, if it save thy life,
 Hath far more merit, than that empty name
 Thy pride would make thee perish to retain.

PHARAS.

I by the Gods conjure you to desist,
 (For you, in terms too plausible, express
 Things that are infamous) nor in this strain
 Attempt to prove that yielding up my soul
 To love, I shall act right : for if you paint
 Foul deeds with specious colours, in the snares
 From which I now am 'scaping, I afeared
 Shall be entangled.

NURSE.

Hadst thou earlier form'd
 These rigid notions, then shouldst ne'er have err'd.

But since this cannot be, my counsel hear :
 From thee this second favour I request ;
 I in my house have philtres to assuage
 The pangs of love (which but just now occur'd
 To my remembrance); these, nor to disgrace
 Exposing thee, nor of such strong effect
 As to impair thy reason, yet will work
 On this thy malady a perfect cure,
 Unless thro' mere perverseness thou refuse
 To make th' experiment : for we from him
 Thou lov'st, must either take a sign, a word,
 Or fragment of his robe, to join two hearts
 In mutual [14] love.

P H E D R A.

But is this wondrous medicine,
 You recommend, an ointment or a potion ?

N U R S E.

I cannot tell. Search for a cure, my child,
 And not instruction.

[14] Different constructions are given to this passage by Brumoy in his *Theatre des Grecs*, and Mons. Dupuy Acad. Inscriptions, T. 41, p. 446—450: but the word *θαυμίπικ* "soothing" occurs both here and in the Nurse's first speech to Phædra, after she had declared her resolution to die; nor does it appear by the whole tenor of the dialogue, that the method by which she proposes to *heal the torment or disease arising from Phædra's unhappy passion* is by making use of such a philtre as counteracts Love, and inspires an utter aversion, but that she is all the while giving her hopes of conciliating the affections of Hippolytus, though she now expresses herself in more obscure and disguised terms, to avoid shocking her Queen, already alarmed by her preceding speeches. Instead of *λόγος* "a word," Reiskius, Valkenaer and Brunck, think we ought to read *οὐλόγος* "a lock of hair."

P H E D R A.

Greatly do I fear
 Your wisdom will be carried to excess.

N U R S E.

Know then thou art dispos'd to be alarmed
 At every thing. But whence arise these terrors?

P H E D R A.

Aught that hath pass'd, left you to Theseus' Son
 Should mention.

N U R S E.

Peace, O Daughter, be it mine
 To manage this aright: I only sue,
 Benignant Goddess, sprung from ocean's waves,
 That thou, O Venus, would'st my projects aid.
 But to our friends within, will it suffice
 The rest of my intentions to unfold.

[Exit Nurse.]

C H O R U S.

O D E.

I. 1.

O Love, whose sweet delusions fly,
 Instilling passion thro' the eye,
 And steal upon the heart;
 Never thus my soul engage,
 Come not with immoderate rage,
 Nor choose thy keenest dart:

HIPPOLYTUS.

Not the lightning's awful glare,
 Not the thunderbolts of Jove,
 Such destructive terrors bear,
 As strongly vibrate in the shafts of Love.

I. 2.

On Alpheus' banks in vain, in vain,
 Or at Apollo's Delphic fane,
 Whole herds of slaughter'd kine
 Doth Greece present, if we neglect
 Venus' Son, who claims respect,
 The genial couch his shrine :
 With the vengeance of a foe,
 If the Deity invades,
 On man, he pours forth every woe,
 And crowds with victims all the Stygian shades.

II. 1.

By Venus, was [15] Oechalia's maid,
 Of Hymeneal bonds afraid,
 Consigned in days of yore,

[15] Iole Daughter of Eurytus king of Oechalia, after having been promised by her Father, as Apollodorus informs us, to be given in marriage to the man who should excel him and his Sons in archery, was by them unjustly withheld from Hercules who had given sufficient proofs of his superiority in the use of the bow, a weapon for which he was particularly renowned: upon which the enraged Hero took the city by assault, and, having slain her Father and Brothers, bore off the Princess in triumph. The ancient Geographers say, there were several towns of the name of Oechalia; but although this city of Eurytus has had the honor of being twice mentioned, and expressly marked out as such by Homer in his catalogue of the Grecian forces, and receives from Virgil the epithet of *egregia*; Strabo, and all subsequent writers, seem totally unable to ascertain its situation with any degree of precision.

HIPPOLYTUS.

57

Like a wild filly to the yoke,
Espons'd 'midst horrid slaughter, smoke,
And rites profan'd with gore ;
Indignant was the virgin led,
Streaming with dishevel'd hair,
To the stern Alcides' bed,
While bridal shouts were mingled with despair.

II. 2.

Unite, thou sacred Theban wall,
And fountain fam'd from Dirce's fall,
To witness with what might
Resistless Cytherea came,
Brandishing ethereal flame,
To everlasting night,
She, beauteous Semele consign'd,
Who to Jove Lyæus bore,
Her breath's a pestilential wind,
Our heads she like the bee still hovers o'er.

PUNDRA.

Restrain your tongues : we, O my friends, are ruin'd.

CHORUS.

O Phædia, say what terrible event
In thy abode hath happen'd ?

PUNDRA.

Not a word
Must now be utter'd : I would hear these sounds
Which issue from the palace.

E

C H O R U S.

We are silent;
Yet must this prelude, sure, denote some ill.

P H A E D R A.

Wretch that I am! how dreadful are my woes!

C H O R U S.

What shrieks, alas, are these, what clamorous sounds
By thee now utter'd? speak, my hapless Queen,
What sudden rumor terrifies thy soul?

P H A E D R A.

We are undone, but stand ye at these doors
And listen to the uproar rais'd within.

C H O R U S.

Thou to those portals art already close,
And in the voice which issues from the palace
Hast a great interest, therefore say what ill
Hath happen'd.

P H A E D R A.

Stern Hippolytus, the Son
Of that intrepid Amazonian Dame,
In loudest tone full many a horrid curse
Is uttering 'gainst my servant.

C H O R U S.

A mere noise
Is all I hear, yet cannot I collect

A single word distinctly : passing thro'
These doors, their sound has singly reached mine ear.

P. H. M. D. R. A.

He plainly calls her, harbinger of vice,
And the betrayer of her Sovereign's bed.

C H O R U S.

Wretch that I am ! thou, O my dearest Queen,
Hast been betray'd. What counsel can I give ?
The mystery is laid open, thou art ruin'd,
Utterly ruin'd.

Ah !

C H O R U S.

Thy friends have prov'd
Unfaithful to their trust.

P. H. M. D. R. A.

To her I owe
My ruin, who, tho' prompted by her love,
Unwisely, my calamity disclos'd,
Hoping the desperate malady to heal.

C H O R U S.

What part, alas ! remains for thee to act,
Surrounded by inevitable mischiefs ?

P. H. M. D. R. A.

But one expedient for my present ills
I know ; their only cure is instant death.

E. 2

HIPPOLYTUS, NURSE, PHÆDRA, CHORUS.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Earth, Mother of us all, and Sun, whose beams
Diffuse their splendor wide, what words unfit
For any tongue to utter, reach'd these ears !

NURSE.

Peace, O my Son, lest some one hear thy voice.

HIPPOLYTUS.

I cannot bury such atrocious crimes
As these in silence.

NURSE.

By that fair right hand,
Thee I implore.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Profane not by your touch,
My garment.

NURSE.

Grovelling at thy knees, I crave
Thou wouldst not ruin me.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Why wish to check
My tongue, if you, as you pretend, have said
Nought that is blameable ?

HIPPOLYTUS.

N U R S E.

Yet must my words
On no account be publish'd.

HIPPOLYTUS.

To the world
What's virtuous may with honor be reveal'd.

N U R S E.

Forget not thus the severance, O my Son,
Due to a solemn oath.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Albo' my tongue [16]
Hath swor'd, my soul is from the compact free.

[16] *Itt. This sentence of Euripides hath had various judgments passed on it; being esteemed, by his fellow citizens, and held in contempt by posterity: yet Cicero, whose single authority is equal to all the rest, bestows some degree of praise on it, and writes, "quod ita juratum est, ut mens contiperet fieri oportet id servandum est: quod aliter, si non feceris, nullum est perjurium." By "quod aliter," he evidently means oaths extorted by violence. and the words of Euripides may be commended if made use of by a man who refuses to fulfil what robbers had forced him to swear: but should any one ask whether this sentiment becomes his Hippolytus, I consider it as extremely unworthy of him, nor does Cicero seem capable of having denied this. Hippolytus had engaged himself by an oath to the Nurse, that he would keep secret whatever she confided to him: on hearing the wickedness of his Mother in Law, which he detested, he might blame his rashness: but his soul, which comprehended the nature of the obligation under which he had voluntarily laid himself, could by no means be at liberty to break it: but, after advancing this sentiment on the stage, he acts so inconsistently with*

H

*O thou rash youth, what mean'st thou? art thou
On the destruction of thy friends?* {bea

HIPPOLYTUS.

*I hold
The friendships of the wicked in abhorrence.*

N U R S E.

Forgive me: error is the lot of man.

HIPPOLYTUS.

By a fair semblance to deceive the world,
Wherefore, O Jove, beneath the solar beams
That evil, Woman, didst thou cause to dwell?
For if it was thy will the human race
Should multiply, this ought not by such means
To be effected: better in thy fane
Each votary, on presenting brafs or steel,
Or massive ingots of resplendent gold;
Proportion'd to his offering, might from these
Obtain a race of Sons, and under roofs,
Which genuine freedom visits, unanoy'd
By women live. But to receive this worst
Of evils, now no sooner are our doors
Thrown open, than the riches of our house
We utterly exhaust. How great a pest

" his own words, that he rather submits to be assaulted with the
" most atrocious calumnies, than in any respect to violate the
" faith his tongue had sworn to observe: moreover on this tie
" of religion, by which the pious youth held himself bound,
" ceases the whole drama." VALKANABR.

Is woman, this one circumstance displays ;
 The very Father who begot and nurtur'd,
 A plenteous dower advancing, sends her forth,
 That of such loath'd incumbrance he may rid
 His mansions : but the hapless youth who takes
 This noxious inmate to his bed, exults...
 While he caparisons a worthless image,
 In gorgeous ornaments and tissued veils
 Squandering his substance. With some noble race
 He who by wedlock a connection forms,
 Is bound by harsh necessity to keep
 The loathsome Consort ; if perchance he gain
 One who is virtuous sprung from worthless Sires,
 He by the good compensates for the ills
 Attending such an union. Happier he
 Unvex'd by these embarrassments, whose Bride
 Inactive thro' simplicity, and mild,
 To his abode is like a statue fix'd.
 All female wisdom doth my soul abhor.
 Never may the aspiring Dame, who grasps
 At knowing more than to her sex belongs,
 Enter my house : for in the subtle breast
 Are deeper stratagems by Venus sown :
 But she whose reason is too weak to frame
 A plot, from amorous frailties lives secure.
 No female servant ever should attend
 The married Dame, she rather ought to dwell
 Among wild beasts, who are by nature mute,
 Lest she should speak to any, or receive
 Their answers. But the wicked now devise
 Mischief in secret chambers, while abroad
 Their confidants promote it : thus, vile wretch,
 In privacy you came, with me to form
 An impious treaty for surrendering up
 My royal Father's unpolluted bed.
 Soon from such horrors in the limpid spring

My ears will I make pure, & how could I rush
 Into the crime itself, when having heard
 Only the name made mention of, I feel
 As tho' I some defilement thence had caught ?
 Base Woman, know 'tis my religion saves
 Your forfeit life, for by a solemn oath
 If to the Gods I had not unawares
 Engag'd myself, I ne'er would have refrain'd
 From relating these transactions to my Sire.
 But now, while Theseus is a foreign land
 Continues, hence will I depart, and keep
 The strictest silence. But I soon shall see,
 When with my injur'd Father I return,
 How you and your perfidious Queen will dare
 To meet his eyes, then fully shall I know
 Your impudence, of which I now have made
 This first essay. Perdition seize you both :
 For with unsatiated abhorrence, still
 'Gainst woman will I speak, tho' some objec^t
 To my repeating always the same charge :
 For they are ever uniformly wicked :
 Let any one then prove the female sex
 Possess of chastity, or suffer me,
 As heretofore, against them to inveigh.

Exit Hippolytus.

C H O R U S.

A N T I S T R O P H E.

O wretched woman's inauspicious fate !

What arts, what projects can we find,
 To extricate ourselves, ere yet too late,
 From our distress, or how the snare unbind ?

P H E D R A.

Just are the sufferings I endure :
 Thou earth and Sun, my anguish cure.
 How, O my friends, shall I avoid
 The stroke of fate before I am destroy'd ?
 Or how conceal
 The pangs I feel ?
 What tutelary God is near,
 What friendly mortal will appear
 To aid me in this hour of flame ?
 Afflictions and an evil name
 The remnant of my life must vex :
 Now am the most wretched of my sex.

C H O R U S.

Alas ! all now is over ; O my Queen,
 The stratagems thy hapless servant fram'd
 Fail of success, and desperate are thy fortunes.

P H E D R A.

O villainous destroyer of your friends,
 How have you ruin'd me ! may Jove my Grandson
 Uproot you in his vengeance from the earth,
 And smite with thunderbolts that perjur'd head.
 When I your baleful stratagems foresaw,
 How oft did I enjoin you to conceal
 That fatal truth, from whose discovery spring
 The torments I endure : but you the secret
 Contain'd not, hence with an unspotted fame
 I cannot die, but some fresh scheme must forge.
 For this rash Youth, his soul with anger fir'd,
 Will to his Father my offence relate,

[17] Inform the aged Pittheus of my woes,
And with this history, to my soul reproach,
Fill the whole world. May just perdition seize
Both you and all who by dishonest means
Their unconsenting friends are prompt to aid.

N U R S E.

Thou, O my royal mistress, may'st condemn
The fault I have committed: For thy griefs
Are so seyere, that they awhile o'ercome
Thy better judgment. But would'st thou admit
My answer, I could make one; thèe'll murmur'd,
And in thy happiness an interest feel.
But searching for a medicine to remove
Thy sickness, what I least could wish, I found.
Success had stamp'd me; wise; for by events
Are our opinions influenc'd.

Is it just,

And satisfactory, thus first to wound,
And then dispute with me?

N U R S E.

We dwell too long,
On this unhappy subject: I confess
My folly; but, O Daughter, there are means
To extricate thee still from all thy woes.

[17] Brantk considers this line as an interpolation; and has thrown it out of his edition, or account, of the manuscript he consulted in the royal library at Paris not containing it. Valkenaer also marks it out as deficient in two manuscripts.

P. H. A. D. R. A.

End this harangue ; you counsel'd me amiss.
At first, and undertook a vile design.

Go mind your own affairs : be mine the task,
What interests me, to settle as I ought. [Exit Nurse.
But, O my noble friends, Thracian dames,
Thus far indulgent to my earnest prayer,
In silence bury what you here have heard.

C H O R U S.

I call Diana, venerable Daughter
Of Jove, to witness, I will ne'er reveal
Aught of thy sorrow.

P. H. A. D. R. A.

Ye have spoken well :
But after weighing all things in my mind,
I one expedient have at length devis'd.
In this calamity, which may secure
To my lov'd Sons an honourable life ;
And to myself, encompass'd by such woes
As now befall me, some relief afford.
For I will never scandalize the house
Of Crete, nor come, after so base a doot,
Into the presence of offended Theseus,
To save one single life.

C H O R U S.

Art thou then bent
On mischief such as cannot be recall'd ?

P. H. A. D. R. A.

To die is my resolve : but by what means
I must deliberate.

C H O R U S.

More auspicious words
Than these I crave.

P H E D R A.

All I from you expect
Is wholesome counsel. For the Cyprian Queen
To whom I owe my ruin, I this day
Shall gratify, thus yielding up my life
Vanquish'd by ruthless Love. But after death
I to another shall become a curse ;
Hence shall he learn no longer to exult
In my disastrous fortunes, but acquire
Discretion, while my anguish he partakes.

Exit Phædra.

C H O R U S.

O D E.

I.

To where yon rock o'erhangs the main,
Waft me, ye Gods, thence bid me spring,
Transform'd into a bird, on vigorous wing
Thro' trackless ether mid the feather'd train :
With rapid pinions would I soar
On high above the Adriatic shore,
And Po's impetuous stream,
[18] Fixt on whose banks that virgin choir,

[18] Ovid, in the second Book of his Metamorphoses, v. 340.—356, has given an account of the Daughters of Apollo and

Who spring from an immortal Sire,
 Intent on the same dolorous theme
 Still weep for Phæton's untimely end,
 While 'midst the purple tide their amber tears descend.

II. 2.

Thence to those coasts would I proceed
 Where the Hesperides their song
 Attune ; no mariner can thence prolong
 The voyage, for, his daring bark t' impede,
 Neptune those hallow'd bounds maintains,
 Where Atlas with unwearied toil sustains
 The Heavens' incumbent load ;
 And from a never-failing spring
 Ambrosia's streams their tribute bring,
 Watering those chambers, Jove's abode :
 There the glad soil its choicest gifts supplies
 Obedient to the reign of happy Deities.

II. 1.

Across yon hoarse resounding main,
 O bark of Crete, thole hastier gales
 Which caught the snowy canvas of thy sails,
 Convey'd my Mistress, but convey'd in vain ;
 By fate from prosperous mansions torn,
 To nuptial rites unhallow'd was she borne,
 And scenes of future shame :
 For surely from her native land,
 To the renown'd Athenian strand,

Clymene, and Sisters of Phæton, (Phæthusa, Lampetia; and a third, whose name he has not transmitted to us) being transformed into Poplars, on the banks of the river Eridanus, or Po, in Italy, where their Brother perished; and of their tears being hardened by the Sun into amber.

She with a luckless omen came ;
 Tho', to the shore their twisted cables bound ;
 With joy the sailors leap'd on fair Munychia's ground.

II. 2.

Her strength in lingering sickness spent,
 Hence is the ordain'd to prove
 How great the tortures of unlawful love,
 By the command of angry Venus sent,
 And after struggling long in vain,
 Defeated by intolerable pain,
 Her snowy neck around,
 To bind that galling noose, resolves,
 Which from her bridal roof devolves,
 Aw'd by the heaven-inflicted wound :
 Choosing to perish [19] thus with glory blest,
 She, cruel love, expels, the soul's tyrannic pest.

[19] The manner in which the Poet here represents his Heroine as dying to preserve her fame, is, it must be confessed, peculiarly unfortunate. He himself might have been aware of its impropriety, since in his Helen, v. 306. that Princess, deliberating on some mode to put an end to her own life, observes, that "hanging is ignoble even in slaves :" The Rev. Dr. Franklin, indeed, in a note on the Oedipus Tyrannus of Sophocles, jocularly speaks of it as a death much in fashion among the Ancients; but that their ideas were at least equally chaste with those of the moderns in regard to any *unbecoming* method of suicide or of executing criminals, appears from that passage in Homer's Odyssey, where Ulysses, having determined to punish the debauched females of Penelope's court, "by an impure death," immediately causes them to be hanged. The catastrophe of Amata in Virgil is indeed the same with that of our Author's Phædra, but with more propriety expressed by

Nodum informis lethi trabe necrit ab altâ.

Then round a beam a running noose she tied,
 And fasten'd by the neck obscenely died.

DRYDEN.

Seneca, though frequently unhappy in the execution of his Hippolytus, has made a very great improvement on the plan of

MESSENGER, CHORUS.

M E S S E N G E R.

Ho ! ho ! all ye who near the palace stand,
With speed come hither ; by the fatal cord,
Our Queen, the wife of Theseus, is destroy'd.

C H O R U S.

The deed, alas ! is done. My royal Mistress
Suspended in the noose is now no more.

M E S S E N G E R.

Why are ye not more swift? will no one bring
The sharpen'd steel, that, with its aid, this instant
The bandage we may sever from her neck?

S E M I C H O R U S I.

What shall we do? were it not best, my friends,
To rush into the palace, and our Queen
Loose from the knot which her own hands have tied?

S E M I C H O R U S II.

But why do the young servants, in this hour
Of woe, absent themselves? to be too busy
Is never safe.

Euripides, by presenting her as living to see the success of her machinations in the death of Hippolytus, and then stabbing herself through remorse. Racine too has undoubtedly altered Phædra's death somewhat for the better, by making her poison herself; but let it be remembered at the same time, that Euripides, instead of following Horor, as Sophocles hath done, in the mode of Jocasta's death, represents her as falling on the word of one of her Sons.

M E S S E N G E R.

Extend the hapless body ;
Unwelcome office to the lords I serve.

[Exit Messenger.]

C H O R U S.

From what I hear, this miserable Dame
Hath left the world : for they are stretching forth
Her corse as one who is already dead.

T H E S E U S, C H O R U S.

T H E S E U S.

O women, know ye what loud voice is that
Within the palace ? from the menial train
Of damsels, shrieks, most grievous reach'd my ear.
None of my household opening wide the gates,
Deign to receive me with auspicious words
On my return from the [20] prophetic shrine.
Hath aught befall'n the venerable Pittheus ?
What tho' he be already far advanc'd
Into the vale of years, yet would his death
These mansions with a general sorrow fill.

[20] " Theseus is represented by Euripides as returning at this very moment of time to Troezen from Delphi, whither he had gone as a votary of Apollo : for they who either went thither in a public character as ambassadors from their city or to consult the God on their own private affairs, were called *Deipos* ; and Theseus, on his returning in that character, crowned according to antient usage with the sacred laurel, complains that none of his domestics come forth to meet and congratulate him on his auspicious return." VALKENAER.

C H O R U S.

Fate in its march, O Theseus, hath not pierc'd
 The aged : they who in the bloom of youth
 Are now cut off, your sorrows will demand.

T H E S E U S.

Ah me ! hath cruel death then, torn away
 One of my Sons ?

C H O R U S.

They live, while breathless lies
 Their Mother : and most piteous was her end.

T H E S E U S.

What said'st thou ? is my dearest Phædra dead ?
 Thro' what mischance ?

C H O R U S.

She tied the fatal noose.

T H E S E U S.

Had grief congeal'd her blood ? or was she urg'd
 To this by some calamitous event ?

C H O R U S.

We only know the fact : for to the palace
 Am I just come, O Theseus, that with yours
 My sorrows I may mingle.

T H E S E U S.

Round these brows

Why do I wear a garland, but to shew
 That I the oracle in luckless hour

Have visited? Unbar those doors, my servants,
Open them wide, that I the wretched corse
Of my dear wife may view, who by her death
Hath ruin'd me.

(*The Palace doors are opened, and the body of Phædra is discovered with a veil thrown over it.*)

T H E O R Y S.

Thy woes, unhappy Queen,
Were dreadful; yet thou such a deed hast wrought
As in confusion this whole house will plunge:
Presumptuous, violent, unnatural death
By thine own hand inflicted; for, sh! who,
Who but thyself, was author of thy fall?

T H E O R Y S.

Wretch that I am! how many and how great
Are my afflictions! but of all the ills
Which I have felt, this last is most severe.
Me and these mansions with what terrors arm'd
O Fortune, dost thou visit! from some Fiend
This unforeseen dishonour takes its rise.
A life like mine is not to be endur'd,
And worse than death itself: for I see vast
An ocean of calamity before me,
That I can never hope to swim to land,
Or stem these overwhelming waves of woe.
Thee how shall I accost, or in what terms
Sufficiently deplore thy wretched fate?
Swift as a bird I scap'd from the fowler's hand,
Hence hast thou vanish'd with impetuous flight
To the domains of sullen Pluto borne.
Grievous; alas! most grievous are these woes.
But from some antient stores of wrath, reserv'd
By vengeful Heaven to punish the misdeeds
Of a progenitor, I sure derive
This great calamity.

C H O R U S.

Not you alone
 Have such afflictions visited, O King ;
 You, but in common with a thousand mourners,
 Have lost the noble partner of your bed.

T R E S S U E.

Under earth's deepest caverns would I dwell,
 Amid the shades of everlasting night [21],
 A wretch best number'd with the silent dead,
 Now I, alas ! for ever am bereft
 Of thy lov'd converse : for thou hast destroy'd
 Me rather than thyself. Who will inform me
 Whence death, with ruthless destiny combin'd,
 Thy vitals reach'd ? can any one disclose
 The real fact ; or doth this palace harbour
 A mortal swarm in vain ? for thee, for thes,
 Alas, I grieve ! what sorrows of my house,
 Too great to be supported or express'd,
 Are these which I have witness'd ! but I perish ;
 These mansions are a desert, and my Sons
 Have lost their Mother.

C H O R U S.

Thou hast left, hast left
 Thy friends, thou dearest and thou best of women,
 Whom the resplendent Sun, or glimmering Moon,
 E'er visited in her nocturnal sound.
 O my unhappy, my unhappy Queen !

[21] Instead of $\sigma\kappa\sigma\omega$ with a comma prefixed, I, with Brunck, read $\sigma\kappa\sigma\zeta$, and subjoin to it the comma, which appears to me a very material improvement with but a slight violation of the text.

This house what dreadful evils have befallen !
 Thy fate bedews these swimming eyes with tears :
 But shuddering to the sequel of our woes
 Already I look forward.

T H E S S U S.

Ha, what means
 The letter which she clasps in her dear hand,
 What fresh intelligence can it contain ?
 Hath the deceas'd here writen a request
 For aught that to the marriage bed pertains,
 And her sons welfare ? Thou pale shade, rely
 On this assurance, that no other Dame
 The widow'd couch of Theseus shall ascend,
 Or enter these abodes. Yet with such force,
 These well known characters the golden ring
 Of her who is no more hath here impress'd,
 Allure me, that the seal I will burit open,
 And learn what charge to me she would convey.

C H O R U S.

Some God, alas ! hath in succession heap'd
 Evil on evil : such my fate, that life
 Will be no longer any life to me
 After this deed of horror. I pronounce
 The house of my devoted King's o'erthrown,
 And now no more a house. Yet, O ye Gods,
 This family, if possible, forbear
 To crush, and listen to my fervent vow.
 Yet, like the soothsayer, my foreboding soul
 An evil omen views.

T H E S S U S.

To my past woes,
 What woes, alas ! are added, far too great
 To be endur'd or utter'd ! wretched me !

C H O R U S.

What fresh event is this? speak, if the secret
 To me you can disclose.

T H E S S U S.

With loudest voice,
 The letter echoes such atrocious crimes
 As are not to be borne. To 'scape this load
 Of misery, whither, whither shall I fly?
 For, I alas! am utterly undone.
 What strains of horror, have these wretched eyes
 Beheld, in that portentous scroll express!

C H O R U S.

All that is terrible, your words announce.

T H E S S U S.

Within the door of my indignant lips,
 No longer thus will I contain a deed
 Of unexampled guilt. O city, city!
 Hippolytus with brutal force hath dar'd
 To violate my bed, and set at nought
 Jove's awful eye. But, O my Father Neptune,
 Since thou hast firmly promis'd that thou thrice
 Would'st grant me what I pray'd for; now fulfil
 [22] One vow, and slay my Son, nor let him 'scape
 This single day, if thou, with me, design
 To ratify the compact thou hast made.

[22] The Scholiast, on v. 1349, of this Tragedy, says, Theseus received an oracle from Apollo, informing him, that whatever he prayed for to Neptune should be granted him three-times: he then arranges that Hero's petitions in the following order, first that he might return from Hell; secondly, to be extricated from the labyrinth; and lastly, that his Son Hippolytus might perish.

C H O R U S.

Recal that imprecation to the Gods ;
 For you, O King, your error will perceive ;
 Attend to my advice.

T A B E S U S.

These ears are clos'd :
 Moreover I will drive him from the land ;
 For of these twofold fates, or this or that
 Must smite him ; Neptune, when he hears my curses,
 Will plunge the miscreant to the shades of hell ;
 Else, cast forth from his region, and ordain'd
 To wander in some foreign land, a life
 Of the profoundest misery shall he drag.

C H O R U S.

Behold how seasonably your Son himself,
 Hippolytus, is coming : O subdue,
 My royal Lord, subdue that baleful rage ;
 Consult the good of your unhappy house.

HIPPOLYTUS, THESEUS, CHORUS.

H I P P O L Y T U S.

Hearing your voice, I with the utmost speed
 Am hither come, O Father ; tho' whence rise
 These groans I know not, and from you would learn.
 Ha ! what is here ? your Confort, O my fire,
 I see, a breathless corse : this needs must cause
 The greatest wonder. Since I left her living,
 How short the intervening space ! but now
 She op'd those eyes to view the radiant Sun.
 What dire mischance befel her, in what manner
 She died, inform me. Are you silent still ?

In our calamities of no avail
 Is silence: for solicitous to know,
 All that had pass'd, with greediness the heart
 Explores a tale of woe; nor is it just,
 My father, your afflictions to conceal [friends.
 From friends, and those who are yet more than

THESSALUS.

O mortals, why, unprofitably lost
 In many errors, strive ye to attain
 A thousand specious arts, some new device
 Still meditating, yet ye neither know
 One rare attainment, nor by your enquiries
 Could ever reach, the gift of teaching those
 Who lack discretion, how to think aright?

HIPPOLYTUS.

The sage you speak of, he who could compel
 Fools to grow wise, must be expert indeed.
 But since the subtle arguments you use
 Are so ill-im'd, my Sir, I greatly fear
 Your woes should cause your tongue to go beyond
 The bounds of reason.

THESSALUS.

With some clearer test
 Man ought to have been furnish'd, to discern
 The thoughts, and sever from the real friend
 Each vile impostor. All the human race
 Should have two voices, one of sacred truth;
 No matter what, the other: 'gainst each plot
 Devis'd by foul injustice, hence the first
 Might in perpetual evidence come forth,
 And none could be deceiv'd.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Hath any friend
 Accus'd me in your ear, and fix'd reproach
 Upon the guiltless? I with dire amaze
 Am smitten: in such incoherent words
 Your rage bursts forth, that horror fills my soul.

THESSA.

Ah, whither will the mind of man proceed
 In its career? can nature fix no bounds
 To impudence? for if this evil take
 Still deeper root thro' each succeeding age,
 The Son grown more abandon'd than the Father,
 In pity to this world, the Gods should add
 Another world sufficient to contain
 All those who swerve from justice, and the brood
 Of sinners. Look upon that impious wretch,
 Tho' sprung from my own loins, who hath defil'd
 My nuptial couch; too clearly, the deceas'd,
 His most atrocious villainy hath prov'd.
 Shew then thy face before thy injur'd Sire,
 Since to this pitch of unexampled guilt
 Thou hast proceeded. Yet art thou the man
 Who holds familiar converse with the Gods
 As tho' his life were perfect? art thou chaste
 And pure from all defilement? by thy boasts
 I will not be deluded, nor suspect
 Thou can'st impose upon the Powers Divine.
 Now glory in thy vegetable food,
 [23] Disciple of the tuneful Orpheus, rave

[23] " In these words Euripides seems to me, with equal
 " learning and truth, to have ascribed the same origin to the in-
 " stitutions of Bacchus, Orpheus, and Pythagoras, the latter of
 " whom evidently borrowed from Orpheus a total abstinence

With Bacchus' frantic choir, and let the fumes
 Of varied learning sooth thee. Thou art caught.
 From me let all take warning, and avoid
 Those artful hypocrites who bait the snare
 With words which great austerity denote,
 While they contrive base projects. She is dead;
 And so thou deem'st thyself secure; yet hence
 Thy guilt, O miscreant, is more clearly prov'd.
 What weightier oath, what plea can't thou devise
 This letter to confute, that thou may'st 'scape
 Unpunish'd for thy crime? wilt thou alledge
 She hated thee, and that thy spurious birth
 Makes the legitimate thy foes? 'twill argue
 That she was prodigal of life, if thus
 She forfeited whate'er her soul held dear
 Thro' enmity to thee. But man belike
 Is privileg'd from lust, whose power innate
 Misleads frail woman. Well am I aware
 Both male and female are alike expos'd
 To danger, oft as Cytherea fires

“ from animal food. *To eat no flesh as is recorded of ancient Orpheus*, says Plutarch in his Banquet of the seven wise Men. “ Aléxis and Antiphanes, in Athenæus, deride the Philo-
 phers for such abstinence; and in this respect Zeno imitated
 the Pythagoreans, making use, according to Diogenes Laer-
 tius, *ἄτυρπω τροφὴν*, that is, of bread, honey, and such kind
 of food as could be prepared without the aid of fire.”—
 VALKENAER.

Those readers who have not inclination or opportunity to consult the remains transmitted to us of the antient Philosophers, will see the admirable doctrines of Pythagoras, illustrated with all the energy and graces of Poetry, by Ovid in his Metamorphoses, L. 15.—v. 60—478. which my countrymen, who are acquainted only with their own language, may have the benefit of perusing in the version of that first of English translators the great Dryden, it being inserted in his Miscellaneous Works, published in 1760, by the late Mr. Derrick, Vol. IV. p. 41—68. and in the version of the Metamorphoses, published by Sir S. Cotta.

The youthful heart, altho' a partial world
 Forbear to brand our sex with equal shame.
 But wherefore in an idle strife of words
 With thee should I engage, when here, the curse,
 That witness not to be suspected, lies?
 With speed an exile from this land depart,
 Nor dare to enter Athens by the Gods
 Erected, or the bounds of my domain.
 For if from thee I tamely should submit
 To wrongs like these, no more would Sinnen tell
 How erst I slew him at the Isthmian pass,
 But say my boasts are vain; nor would the rocks
 Of Schiron, dash'd by the surrounding waves,
 Call me the scourge of villains.

CHORUS.

At a loss

Am I, of any mortal how to speak
 As truly happy: for their lot who once
 Were blest, hath undergone a total change.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Tho' dreadful, O my Father, is the wrath
 And vehement commotion of your soul,
 The charge against me which now seems so strong,
 If duly search'd into, will prove devoid
 Of truth and honour. I am not expert
 At an harangue before assembled crowds,
 Tho' somewhat better qualified to speak
 Among my youthful comrades, and where few
 Are present: a sufficient cause for this
 May be assign'd; for they who are held cheap
 Among the wise, in more harmonious strains
 Address the people. Yet am I constrain'd
 By the severe emergency to burst

The bonds of silence, and begin my speech
 With a discussion of that odious charge
 By you first urged against me, to convict,
 And bar me from replying. Do your eyes
 Behold the sun and wide extent of earth ?
 Say, what you list ; of all the numerous tribes
 Who here were born, there's not a man more chaste
 Than I am : the first knowledge I acquir'd
 Was this, to reverence the immortal Gods,
 And with those friends associate who attempt
 Nought by the laws condemn'd, but are endued
 With a deep sense of virtuous shame, and scorn
 Either themselves to practise or to aid
 Unseemly actions. I ne'er made a jest
 Of those whom I converse with, O my Sire,
 But to my friends have still remain'd the same
 When they are absent, as when near at hand :
 And above all, by that peculiar crime
 In which you think that you have caught me now,
 Am I untainted : by impure delight
 I to this day have never been entic'd.
 Of love and its transactions nought I know,
 Except what I from casual talk have heard
 [24] Or seen in pictures, but I am not eager

[24] " Euripides here speaks of paintings, according to the
 " manners of his own times, and regardless of chronological pro-
 " priety. In the age of Theseus, no lascivious pictures yet ex-
 " isted. But the Poet is fond of similes taken from the art,
 " and of this manner of speaking, which he introduces yet more
 " preposterously in his Trojan captives, where Hecuba says,

" Αὐτὴν μὲν κατωναος εἰσεῖν σχῆμασ,

" Γραφὴ δ' ιδεσσα, καὶ χλυνεο' επισαματί."

V. 68L.

I ne'er did mount
 A ship, yet I from pictures and report
 The nations know.

G 2

To look on these, for still my soul retains
 Its virgin purity. But if no credence
 My spotless chastity with you should find,
 On you is it incumbent to shew how
 I was corrupted. Did your Consort's charms
 Eclipse all other women? could I hope
 Beneath your roofs to dwell, and with your Wife
 'That I the rich inheritance should gain?
 This sure had been the highest pitch of folly.
 But what a bait is empire! none at all
 To those who are discreet, unless a lust
 For kingly power already hath corrupted
 Those who delight in it. O'er all the sons
 Of Greece, in every honourable strife,
 Is it my great ambition to prevail,
 And be the first; but rather in the state
 Would I live happy with my dearest friends,
 And occupy the second rank: for bliss
 Exempt from every danger, there is found,
 Transcending all that royalty can give.
 One thing there is, by me not mention'd yet:
 'Tho' all beside already have you heard.
 Had I a single witness like myself
 Of tried veracity, and could debate
 With her while yet she liv'd, you from the fact,
 After a strict enquiry, might decide
 Which was the criminal. But now, by Jove,

"for if painting was known at the time of the Trojan war,
 "which I can by no means believe, I would ask, is it probable
 "that Hecuba, grown old at Troy, in a town situated near the
 "sea-shore, should have seen no ships except in pictures?"—

BRUNCK.

Though I entirely concur in the above interpretation, it may be proper not to close this note without mentioning that Melanthon renders $\gamma\pi\alpha\gamma\eta\lambda\epsilon\nu\sigma\sigma\omega\tau$, video scripturam, and Ratailler, literas istas videns; and that their versions are supported by the authority of the Scholiast.

Who guards the oath inviolate, I swear,
 And by the conscious Ground on which we tread,
 That I your Consort never did approach,
 No not in will or deed. May I expire
 Stript of renown, and overwhelm'd with shame,
 Torn from my country, my paternal house,
 An exile and a vagrant thro' the world;
 Nor may the ocean or the earth receive
 My breathless corse, if I have thus transgress'd !
 [25] I know not whether 'twas thro' fear she lost
 Her life, and more than this I must not say.
 With her, discretion amply hath supplied
 The place of chastity; I still have practis'd
 That virtue, but, alas ! without success.

C H O R U S.

Sufficient is it to refute the charge
 That thou this oath hast taken, and call'd down
 The powers immortal to attest its truth.

T H E S E U S.

Is he not rather an audacious cheat,
 Trusting in magic arts, who dares to think
 He by an oath can biass the resolves
 Of his insulted Sire ?

[25] " This might be spoken with truth by Hippolytus; and
 " there was some room for doubt, whether Phaedra had put an
 " end to her own life, because she was enraged at the repulse the
 " had met with, or through fear. The verse of Hippolytus, or
 " Virbius, in Ovid,

" *Judicine metu magis, offensine repulsa.*

" *Met. L. xv. v. 501.*

" seems to me to depend on another which is lost." — VALKENAER,

HIPPOLYTUS.

The part you act
 Challenges my astonishment: were you
 My Son, and I your Father, had you dar'd
 To violate my Wife, I would not banish,
 But kill you.

THESSALUS.

Seasonable remark: the sentence
 Which on thyself with justice thou hast pass'd:
 I will not new inflict; for instant death
 Is grateful to the wretched. But ordain'd
 An exile from thy native land to roam,
 A life of tedious sorrow shalt thou drag
 In foreign realms; such are the wages due
 To an unrighteous man.

HIPPOLYTUS.

What means my Sire?
 Instead of waiting till impartial time
 The merits of my conduct ascertain,
 Hence will you banish me?

THESSALUS.

.Had I the power,
 Beyond the ocean, and where Atlas stands
 Upon the [26] utmost limits of the world,
 So strong the hatred which to thee I bear—

[26] Virgil's idea of the farthest extremity of the world is somewhat similar, and more circumstantially marked out,

Oceanum finem juxta, soleisque cadentem

Ultimes Ethiopum locus est, ubi maximus Atlas

Axem humero torquet.

AEn. L. iv, v. 480.

“ Where the Sun sets, and utmost Ocean ends,

“ The farthest bounds of Ethiopia lie;

“ There mighty Atlas on his shoulders bears

“ Heaven's axis.”

STRANAH.

HIPPOLYTUS.

What, without searching into any proof
From oath, or witness, or the voice of Seers,
Expel me uncondemn'd from these domains !

THESS. U.S.

This letter, which no Soothsayer can require
To make it better understood, the charge
'Gainst thee authenticates ; so to these birds
Who hover o'er our heads I bid adieu.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Why am not I permitted, O ye Gods,
To ope my mouth, when I my ruin owe
To you whom I adore ? I will not speak :
For he I ought to move hath 'gainst my voice
Clos'd his obdurate ears : I should infringe
A solemn oath, and sport with Heaven in vain.

THESS. U.S.

To me past all endurance is that mask
Of sanctity which thou assum'it, With speed
Why go'st thou not from thy paternal land ?

HIPPOLYTUS.

Whither can I betake myself ? what friend
Will to his house admit an exil'd wretch
Charg'd with this great offence ?

THESS. U.S.

Who'er receives
Each base invader of the marriage bed,
And with the wicked man delights to dwell.

HIPPOLYTUS.

What wounds my soul, and from these eyes ex-
The tear, is your believing me so wicked. [torts

THESEUS.

There was a proper season for these groans
And all thy forethought, when thou to dishonour
The Comfort of thy Father did'st presume:

HIPPOLYTUS.

O mansions, would to Heaven that ye a voice
Could utter, and your testimony give,
Whether I have transgress'd.

THESEUS.

Hast thou recourse
To witnesses who lack the power of speech?
Beyond all words this deed thy guilt displays.

HIPPOLYTUS.

In such position as to view my soul
O could I stand, that I might cease to weep
For the calamities I now endure!

THESEUS.

Thou thine own merits hast much more been wont
To reverence, than with pious awe to treat
Thy parents as thy duty doth enjoin.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Unhappy Mother! wretched Son! avert
The curse which on a spurious race attends,
From those who share my friendlih p, righteous Gods!

THESEUS.

Will ye not drag him from my sight, ye slaves ;
 Did you not hear how I long since decreed
 He shall be banish'd !

HIPPOLYTUS.

They should rue it soon,
 If they presum'd to touch me. But yourself
 May from these realms expel me if you list.

THESEUS.

If thou obey not these commands, I will :
 For I feel no compassion for thy exile.

Exit Theseus.

HIPPOLYTUS.

The sentence is, it seems, already pass'd ;
 Wretch that I am ! My doom indeed I know,
 Yet know not in what language to express
 The pangs I feel.—O thou to me most dear
 Of all the Gods, Latona's virgin Daughter,
 Who dwell'st with me, companion of the chase,
 Far from illustrious Athens let us fly ;
 I to that city and Eretheus' land
 Now bid farewell.—O thou Tæzenian realm,
 Fraught with each varied pleasure youth admires,
 Adieu : I see thee now for the last time,
 And these last parting words to thee address.
 Come, O ye youths, my comrades, hither come,
 Speak kindly to me now, and till we reach
 The frontiers of this country, on my steps
 Attend. For ye shall ne'er behold a man
 More chaste, tho' such I seem not to my Sire.

Exit Hippolytus.

CHORUS.

ODE.

I. 1.

When I reflect on Heaven's just sway,
 Each anxious thought is driven away ;
 But, ah ! too soon, hope's flattering prospect ends,
 And in this harrass'd soul despair succeeds ;
 When I compare with human deeds,
 What fate those deeds attends.
 At each various period changing,
 Form'd upon no settled plan,
 In a maze of errors ranging,
 Veers the precarious life of man.

I. 2.

May the kind Gods' paternal care,
 Attentive to their votary's prayer,
 Grant unallay'd prosperity and wealth,
 Let me enjoy, without conspicuous fame,
 A character unstain'd by shame,
 With mental ease and health :
 Thus exempt from wrinkled sorrow,
 Would I ape the circling mode,
 Alter my conduct with the morrow,
 And snatch each pleasure as it flow'd.

II. 1.

Now I a heart no longer pure
 Against the shocks of fortune can secure,
 But feel at length e'en hope itself expire :
 Since from the land we see that star whose light
 On Athens shone serenely bright,

Remov'd by Theseus' ire.

Lament, thick scatter'd on the shore, ye sands,
Where Træzene's city stands,
And steep mountains, which ascending
With thy hounds to trace the prey,
Thou, Hippolytus, attending
Dianynna, the swift hind didst slay.

II. 2.

No longer the Hennetian steeds
Yok'd to thy chariot, o'er yon sacred meads
Around the ring, wilt thou expertly guide.
The Muse, whose lyre is doom'd to sound no more,
Shall the paternal house deplore,
Bereft of thee its pride.
For Dian's haunts beneath th' embowering shade,
Now no hand the wreath will braid.
Thou art from this region banish'd,
Hence is Hymen's torch decay'd :
All prospects of thy love are banish'd,
The rivalry of many a maid.]

III.

By thy calamity inspir'd
With plaintive strains, will I bewail thy fate,
O wretched Mother, who in vain
The throes of childbirth didst sustain.

I with indignant hate
Against the Gods themselves am fir'd.
Ah, gentle Graces, smiling at his birth,
Could not you screen by your bénignant power
Your guiltless votary, in an evil hour
Sentenc'd to wander far from his paternal earth ?
The servant of Hippolytus, with looks
Which witness grief, I see in haste approach.

MESSENGER, CHORUS.

MESSENGER.

Ye matrons, whither shall I speed my course
 To find the royal Theseus ? if you know,
 Inform me ; is the monarch here within ?

CHORUS.

Forth from the palace he in person comes.

THESEUS, MESSENGER, CHORUS.

MESSENGER.

O Theseus, the intelligence I bring
 Deserves the serious thoughts of you, and all
 The citizens who, or in Athens, dwell,
 Or on the borders of Troezen's land.

THESEUS.

What mean'st thou ? hath some recent woe befallen
 These [27] two adjacent cities ?

MESSENGER.

In one word,
 To sum up all, Hippolytus is dead ;
 For he but for a moment views the sun.

[27] Troezen, which is in the Peloponnesus, and situated in the extremity of the province of Argos, is separated by the bay of Saron from Athens, which lies on the opposite shore of the main continent of Greece.

THESEUS.

Say, by what hostile arm the miscreant fell?
 Did any one, whose Wife with brutal force,
 As late his Father's, he defil'd, assail him?

MESSENGER.

The fiery coursers who his chariot drew
 Destroy'd him, and the curses you address'd
 To the stern ruler of the deep, your Sire,
 Against your Son.

THESEUS.

Thanks, O ye righteous Gods,
 Now, [28] Neptune, hast thou prov'd thyself my
 Since thou my imprecations hast fulfill'd. [Father,
 Inform me how he perish'd, how the sword
 Of Justice smote the villain who had wrong'd me?

MESSENGER.

We, near the beach, oft dash'd by the hoarse waves
 Of ocean, smooth'd his generous coursers' manes, [29]
 Yet weeping. For a messenger arriv'd
 With tidings, that Hippolytus no more

[28] Apollodorus, L. 3. c. 7. leaves it equally dubious with Euripides, whether the God Neptune, or Ægeus the husband of Æthra, was the real Father of Theseus.

[29] "It by no means surprizes me that the long accounts of Hippolytus' death, even in Racine's Tragedy, set off as it is with a great variety of ornaments, seems tedious to some of the best critics of France. The elaborate remarks of M. A. Racine, in the Memoirs of the Academy of Inscriptions, Tom. 8. p. 311. are extremely worthy of being perused."—VALKENAER.

Would to this realm be suffer'd to return,
Sentenc'd by you to miserable exile.

But, to confirm this piteous tale, soon came
The banish'd Prince, and join'd us on the strand,
A numerous groupe of comrades on his steps
Attended: after a long pause, he said,
Ceasing his plaints; " why still should I lament
" My doom, my Father's word must be obey'd:
" Those steeds, ye servants, harness to the car;
" Trœzene is no longer my abode."

Soon as we heard, all hasten'd: these commands
Scarce was there time to issue, when we brought
The ready coursers harness'd to their Lord:
Mounting his chariot then the reins he seiz'd,
When he his feet had in strong [30] buskins clad:
But first with hands outspread invok'd the Gods,
And cried; " O righteous Jove, here end my life,
" If I have sinn'd: but let my Father know
[31] " How much he wrongs us, whether we expire,

[30] This construction of the word *αρθυλαισιν* is objected to by Valkenaer and Dr. Musgrave on the authority of Eustathius on Homer's Iliad, L. 2. v. 728. where this passage of Euripides is cited, and *αρθυλαι* are supposed to be the semicircular projections on each side of the chariot, on which the charioteer fixed his feet: but Henry Stephens, in his Greek Thesaurus, confirms the usual acceptation of the word *αρθυλαι* in this place by the citation of it, in the Etymologicum Magnum. Reiskius does not dissent from this interpretation, but objects to the epithet *αυταισιν*, and proposes the choice of three others. Dr. Musgrave proposes *ξεσαις εν*, but seems to have wavered, and been undetermined both as to the substantive and adjective, his Latin version being *vilibus ocreis*: but the very words *αυταις αρθυλαις* stand unchallenged in the Bacchanalians, v. 1132. ed. Barnes, where it is impossible to interpret the expression in any other sense than sandals or buskins.

[31] " The Scholiast observes, that this verse is marked with the letter X, which is affixed to it as a sign of disapprobation by the Grammarians, on account of the singular number being

“ Or still behold the light.” With lifted thong
 The rapid coursers onward then he drove ;
 We servants close behind our master’s car
 Follow’d along [32] the Epidaurian road
 Which leads direct to Argos. But at length,
 Passing the limits of this realm, we enter’d
 A wilderness adjoining to the coast
 Of the Saronian deep : a dreadful sound
 Was from the inmost caverns of the earth
 Sent forth like Jove’s own thunder, while the steeds
 Astonish’d, with their heads and ears erect
 Towards Heaven, stopp’d short. An instant terror seiz’d
 On all of us ; we wonder’d whence the sound
 Could issue, till at length, as on the beach
 We look’d, a mighty wave we saw, which reach’d [33]
 The skies, and from our views conceal’d the cliffs
 Of Sciron, the whole isthmus cover’d o’er,
 And Æsculapius’ rock, then to a size
 The most enormous swollen, and pouring forth

“ changed into the plural. For when the Athenians waged war
 “ against Chios, they were so extremely violent in their hatred
 “ of its inhabitants, that they marked counterfeit coin, and
 “ whatever they disliked, with an X, the initial of the Greek
 “ word Χάος, to express their contempt”—BARNES.

[32] I have followed Valkenaer in reading Καριδαυγία, for
 which he cites the authority of Florentine and Parisian manuscripts,
 Epidauria being, as he observes, situated in the road from
 Træzene to Argos.

[33] “ Euripides has copied this expression of Κυμ’ ερευν
 “ σηπίσσων from Homer, whose Discord,
 “ Parva metu primo, mox sese attollit in auras,
 “ ————— et caput inter nubila condit.
 “ in the Iliad, L. 4. v. 443.

“ ολιγη μεγ ωρώλα κορυσσεῖαι· αὐλαρ επειλα
 “ Ουρανῷ επηρείξε χαρην, κατ επις χιονι βασισε.
 “ Small’at her birth, but rising every hour,
 “ While scarce the skies her horrid head can bound,
 “ She stalks on Earth.”

POPE.

VAKKENAER.

With loud explosion foam on every side,
The tide impell'd it onward to the coast
Where stood the harness'd steeds ; amid the storms
And whirlwind's rage, the wave disgorg'd a Bull,
Ferocious monster, with whose bellowings fill'd,
All earth resounded horribly : our eyes
Scarce could endure the sight. With panic fear
The steeds were seiz'd that instant : but meantime
Their Lord, who to the managing them long
Had been inur'd, caught up with both his hands
The reins, and drew them tight, as the rude oar
A sailor plies ; exerting all his strength,
Then backward lean'd, and twisted them around
His body : but the raging coursers gnash'd
Their steely curbs, and scour'd along the field,
Regardless of the hand that steer'd their course,
Or rein or polish'd car. Along the plain,
If he attempted their career to guide,
The Bull in front appear'd, to turn them back,
And e'en to madness scar'd : but if they ran
Close to the shelving rocks with frantic rage,
He, silently approaching, follow'd hard
Behind the chariot ; 'gainst a rugged cliff,
Till he the wheel directing, had o'erthrown
The vehicle. 'twas dire confusion all :
Upward the spokes and shiver'd axle flew ;
The hapless youth entangled in the reins,
Confin'd by an inextricable bond,
Was dragg'd along ; against the rock his head
With violence was dash'd, and his whole body
Receiv'd full many a wound. These horrid words
He utter'd with a shriek ; " Stop, O my steeds,
" Nor kill the master in whose stalls ye fed !
" O dreadful imprecations of my Sire !
" Who is at hand to save a virtuous man ?"
Tho' many wish'd to rescue him, too late

We came. But from the broken reins releas'd
 At length, I know not by what means, he fell,
 In a small portion yet the breath of life
 Retaining. But the horses, from all eyes,
 And that accursed monster, were conceal'd
 Among the mountains, where, I cannot tell..
 Tho' I indeed, O King, am in your house
 A servant, yet I never can be brought
 To think your Son was with such guilt defil'd,
 Tho' the whole race of women should expire
 Suspended in the noose, and every pine
 On Ida's summit were with letters fill'd ;
 So well am I convinc'd that he was virtuous.

C H O R U S.

The measure of our recent woes is full :
 No means, alas, are left for us to 'scape
 The sentence of unalterable fate.

T H E S S U S.

From hatred to the man who hath endur'd
 These sufferings, I with pleasure heard thy tale :
 But now, thro' a just reverence for the Gods,
 And for that wretch, because he was my Son,
 I from his woes, nor joy, nor sorrow feel. [34]

[34] The close resemblance between this line and the following passage in Lycophron,

ω γελως απεχθελας
 Και δαχρου της δεις, και τηλωμενος;
 Αμφοιν. v, 117.

there spoken of Proteus king of Egypt, on hearing of his two wicked Sons Polygenus and Telegonus, who had infested Thrace, being slain by Hercules, seems to have struck Barnes (who refers to the history, without mentioning the Author by whom it is related), and has not passed unnoticed by the commentators on Lycophron. The Scholia of Tzetzes call the elder Son of Proteus, Tmolus: but it appears from Apollodorus, who has been followed by Archibishop Potter, that his name was Polygnus.

M E S S E N G E R.

But whither must we bear the dying youth,
To gratify your wish, or how proceed?
Consider well: but if you would adopt
My counsels, you with harshness would not treat
Your hapless Son.

T H E S E U S.

The miscreant bring;
That I, when face to face I shall behold
Him who denies that he my nuptial bed
Polluted, may convict him by my words,
And these calamities the Gods inflict.

Exit Messenger.

C H O R U S.

To yours, O Venus, and your Son's control,
Whose glittering pinions speed his flight,
The Gods incline their stubborn soul,
And mortals yielding to resistless might.

For, o'er land, and stormy main,
Love is borne, who can restrain

By more than magic art
Each furious impulse of the heart:
Savage whelps on mountains bred,
Monsters in the ocean fed,

All who on earth behold the solar ray,
And man, his mild behests obey.
For you, O Venus, you alone
Sit on an unrivall'd throne,
By each duteous votary fear'd,
As a mighty Queen rever'd.

Canterus observes, that Phædo, in Plato, says that he found himself in the same equal suspense, between joy and grief, on receiving the account of the death of Socrates.

DIANA, THESEUS, CHORUS.

D I A N A.

Thee, sprung from noble Ægeus, I command
 'To listen, for to thee Diana speaks,
 The Daughter of Latona. Why, O Theseus
 Do these disastrous tidings fill thy heart
 With pleasure, when unjustly thou hast slain
 Thy Son, the false assertions of thy Consort
 On no clear proof believing ? yet too clear
 Is the atrocious guilt thou hast incarr'd.
 Cover'd with shame, why hid'st thou not thy head
 In gloomy Tartarus, in the realms beneath ;
 Or, this abhorr'd pollution to escape,
 On active wing why mount'st thou not the skies ?
 In the society of virtuous men
 Thou canst not pass the remnant of thy life.
 Hear me, O Theseus, while I state the ills
 In which thou art involv'd : tho' now to thee
 It can avail no longer, thy regret
 Will I excite. The purposes I came for
 Are these ; to shew that to thy Son belongs
 An upright heart, how to preserve his fame
 His life he loses, and that frantic rage
 Thy Consort seiz'd, whose conduct hath in part
 Been generous : for, with lawless passion stung,
 By that pernicious Goddess, whom myself,
 And all to whom virginity is dear,
 Peculiarly abhor, she lov'd thy Son,
 And while she strove by reason to o'ercome
 Th' assaults of Venus, unconsenting fell
 By those vile stratagems her Nurse devis'd,
 Who to thy Son the Queen's disease reveal'd
 Under the aweful sanction of an oath ;
 But he, by justice render'd strong, complied not
 With her solicitations, yet no wrongs

Which he from thee experienc'd, could provoke
 The pious youth to violate that faith
 Which he had sworn to. She meanwhile alarm'd,
 Left to his Father he her guilt should prove,
 Wrote that deceitful letter, on thy soul
 Gaining too prompt a credence, and thy Son
 Hath by her baleful artifice destroy'd.

THESEUS.

Ah me!

DIANA.

Doth what I have already spoken,
 O Theseus, wound thee? to the sequel lend
 A patient ear, and thou shalt find just cause
 To wail yet more. Thou know'st thy Sire engag'd
 That thy petitions thrice he would fulfil;
 And one of these, O thou most impious man,
 Which might have slain some foe, hast thou emp'oy'd
 In the destruction of thy Son. Thy Father,
 Who rules the ocean, tho' to thee a friend,
 Gave what he promis'd, by strict honour bound.
 But thou to him, as well as me, must seem
 Devoid of worth, who waiting for no oath
 To be administer'd, nor till the Seers
 Could utter a response, or length of time
 Enable thee to search into the truth,
 Thy curses hast too hastily pour'd forth
 Against thy Son, and slain him.

THESEUS.

Aweful Queen,

Would I were dead!

DIANA.

Thou hast committed crimes
 Abhorrid; but may'st hap'y still obtain
 A gracious pardon: since at the behest
 Of these calamitous events

Took place to satiate her relentless ire.
 For 'tis a law among the Gods, that none
 Shall thwart the will of any other God,
 But on us all is equally enjoined
 Mutual submission. Else be thou assur'd,
 Had I not fear'd Jove's wrath, into such shame
 I never would have fall'n, nor suffer'd him
 Whom I hold dearest of the human race,
 To perish. As for thy offence, thou first
 By ignorance, from malice art absolv'd ;
 Again, thy Consort, the deceas'd, us'd words
 Of strong persuasion to mislead thy soul.
 Now by the mighty conflux of these woes
 Thou chiefly art o'erwhelm'd : but I too grieve.
 For in a good man's death the righteous Gods
 Rejoice not : with their children and their house,
 'Tho' we the wicked utterly destroy,

HIPPOLYTUS, DIANA, THESEUS, CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

Here comes the hapless youth, his graceful frame
 And auburn locks disfigur'd. Wretched house !
 What twofold woes, thro' Heaven's supreme behest,
 Invade this family !

HIPPOLYTUS.

How am I rent,
 Ah me, thro' those unrighteous vows pronounc'd
 By an unrighteous Father ! thro' my head
 Shoot dreadful pangs, and strong convulsions rend
 My tortur'd brain. Ah me ! lay down to rest
 This shatter'd body ! ye accursed steeds,
 Tho' fed with my own hand, have ye destroy'd
 And slain your master. Ah, I by the Gods
 Entreat you, softly handle, O my friends,
 This wounded frame. Who stands there on my right

Carefully raise me up, and bear along
 With even step a wretch who hath been curs'd
 By his mistaken Sire. Jove, righteous Jove,
 Behold'st thou this? I who devoutly worship'd
 The Gods, and all the human race excell'd
 In chastity, depriv'd of life am plung'd
 Into the yawning subterraneous realms
 Of Orcus. Sure I exercis'd in vain
 Each pious toil to benefit mankind.
 My pangs return afresh. Let loose your hold.
 Come, Death, thou best of medicines [35]. Kill me,
 O for a sword to pierce my heart, and close [kill me].
 In endless slumbers this detested life.
 How inauspicious was my Father's curse!
 That lingering vengeance which pursues the guilt
 By my [36] Progenitors, in antient days,
 Committed, and my kindred who are stain'd
 With recent murders, terminates in me,
 No longer now suspended. O ye Gods,
 Why do you punish me who had no share
 In those enormities? but in what words
 Can I express myself, or how escape
 From the oppressive numbness which weighs down

[35] Upon examining several of the different Latin versions, I find that published under the name of Dorotheus Camillus, and those of Melanthon and Rataleer, all three concur with me in rendering *ἀροσολλύε ολλύε* as the imperative mood.

[36] The concurrence of Reiskius, Heath, Valkenaer, and Mulgrave, has induced me to transpose the two lines of

Παλαιῶς ἀρογενῆσορ
 Μιαρφορῶν τε ασύγαρων

which are inverted in Barnes and the earlier editors: by "Progenitors" are generally understood Tantalus and Pelops, from whom descended Pittheus, Æthra, Theseus, Hippolytus, and by "Kindred," Atreus and Thyestes, with perhaps a glance at Theseus' murder of the Sons of Pallas.

HIPPOLYTUS.

63

My senses ? would to Heaven, the Fates who haunt
Pluto's abode, the realm of antient night,
Would lay me down in everlasting sleep !

DIANA.

With what calamity, O hapless Youth,
Hast thou been yok'd ! it is thy generous soul
Which hath destroy'd thee.

HIPPOLYTUS.

From celestial lips
How doth a fragrant odour breathe around !
Amid my sufferings thee I did perceive,
The pangs I feel were instantly assuag'd.
Diana sure is here.

DIANA.

Beside thee stands
Thy favourite Goddess.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Dost thou see my woes,
O thou whom I adore ?

DIANA.

These eyes behold
What thou endur'st : but they no [37] tear must shed.

[37] Ovid, speaking of Apollo when he had slain Coronis:
Tam vero gemitus (neque enim celestis tangi
Ora decet lachrymis) alto de corde petitos
Edidit. Met. L. ii. v. 621.

“ With sighs and groans her obsequies he kept,
“ And, if a God could weep, the God had wept.”

ADDISON.

and of Ceres bewailing the loss of her Daughter Proserpine,
Dixit, & ut lachrymæ (neque enim lachrymare Deorum est)
Decidit in tepidos lucida gutta sinus. Fast. L. iv. v. 521.
He spoke, and in the semblance of a tear,
(For by no tears are griefs of Gods express)
From the pure fount of thine celestial eyes
Stole lucid drops adown her heaving breast.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Thy faithful comrade in the sylvan chase,
Thy votary is no more.

DIANA.

Alas ! no more !
Yet e'en in death to me thou still art [38] dear.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Nor he who drove thy fiery steeds, and watch'd
Thy images.

DIANA.

These stratagems, by Venus
From whom all mischief takes its rise, were plann'd.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Too well I know the Goddess who destroy'd me.

DIANA.

For her neglected homage much enrag'd
Against thee, to the chaste a constant foe.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Us three, I find, her hatred hath undone.

DIANA.

Thy Father, Thou, and his unhappy Wife,
Complete that number.

HIPPOLYTUS.

I bewail my Sire.

DIANA.

Him by her arts that Goddess hath misled:

HIPPOLYTUS.

To you, my Father, this event hath prov'd
A source of woes abundant.

[38] Προσφίλης instead of δυσπόλιος, in Valkenaer and Mußgrave, on the authority of several ancient manuscripts.

HIPPOLYTUS



THESSA.

O my Son,

I perish, and in life have now no joy.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Yet more for you, who have been thus deluded,
Than for myself, I grieve.

THESSA.

My Son, I gladly

Would die to save thee.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Fatal gifts of Neptune
Your Father.

THESSA.

Now most earnestly I wish
These lips had never utter'd such a prayer.

HIPPOLYTUS.

What then? you would have slain me, such your wrath.

THESSA.

Because I by the Gods was then depriv'd
Of Understanding.

HIPPOLYTUS.

O that in return
Mankind could with their curses blast the Gods!

DIANA.

Be pacified: for in earth's darksome caves,
The rage of Venus, who on thee hath wreak'd
Such horrors for thy pure and virtuous soul,
I will not suffer unatton'd to rest.
For in requital, my vindictive hand
With these inevitable darts shall smite

[39] The dearest of her vagaries. But on these
 These sufferings to reward will I bestow
 The greatest honors in Troezene's realm; . . .

[40] For to thy shade, ere jocund Hymen wave
 The kindled torch, each nymph her tresses shorn
 Shall dedicate, and with abundant tears
 For a long season thy decease bewail.
 In their harmonious ditties the chaste choir
 Of virgins ever shall record thy fate,
 Nor pass unnoticed Phædra's hapless love,
 But, O thou Son of Ægeus, in those arms
 Embrace the dying youth; for 'gainst thy will
 Did'st thou destroy him. When the Gods ordain
 That man should err, he cannot disobey.
 This counsel, O Hippolytus, to thee
 I give; no hatred to thy Father bear,

[39] "The Scholiast calls those delirious who think that
 Adonis is here meant, when he was not slain by the shafts of
 Diana, but the jealousy of Mars, who sent a wild Boar to de-
 stroy him. But, with permission of the Scholiast, I contend
 this ought to be referred to Adonis: for as Pet. Victorius ob-
 serves, in his various readings, L. iv. c. 17; 'though he was
 slain by the Bear, Mars being the author of his death, Diana
 might lay claim to this exploit, because Adonis lost his life in
 her favourite pursuit of hunting.' But what puts the matter
 out of all doubt is, that Apollodorus himself, lib. iii. c. 13. §
 4. bears witness, that Adonis was slain by Diana: his words
 are these; 'Adonis, yet a boy, through the anger of Diana,
 perished as he was hunting by a wound he received from a
 Boar.' Muretus made this observation before me, var. lect. L.
 5. c. 7." BARNES.

[40] "The Trozenians worshipped Hippolytus with anniver-
 sary sacred rites as a Hero, supposing him borne to the starry
 heavens by the name of the Charioteer; they honoured him
 also with a temple; which Paulianus, l. 2. c. 32. describes as
 situated in a most beautiful grove, and records this circum-
 stance of the virgins, previous to their marriage, cutting off
 their hair, and depositing it for a votive gift, as the Poet here
 mentions." VALKENAER.

HIPPOLYTUS.

For well thou know'st from whence thy fate arose.
And now farewell ! for I am not allow'd
To view unholy corse of the slain,
Or with the pangs of those who breathe their last
Pollute these eyes : too clearly I discern
That thou art near the moment of thy death...

Exit Diana.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Farewell, blest Virgin, grieve not thus to part
From a most faithful votary, who with thee
Hath long held converse. With my Sire I end
All strife at thy behest ; for to thy words
I still have been obedient. Wretched me !
Already thickest darkness overspreads
These swimming eyes. My Father, in your arms
Receive me, and support this sinking frame.

THESEUS.

How, O my Son, do'st thou increase my woes !

HIPPOLYTUS.

I perish, and already view the gates
Of yon drear realms beneath.

THESEUS.

But wilt thou leave
My soul polluted ?

HIPPOLYTUS.

No, from the soul crime
You I absolve.

THESEUS.

What said'st thou ? Shall the stain
Of having shed thy blood no longer rest
On me thy murderer ?

I, Theseus, absolve you from

HIPPOLYTUS.

HIPPOLYTUS.

Let Diana witness,
Who with her shafts subdues the savage brood.

THESEUS.

How generous is this treatment of thy Sire,
My dearest Son !

HIPPOLYTUS.

Farewell ! a long adieu
I bid to you, my Father.

THESEUS.

Ah, how pious,
How virtuous is thy soul !

HIPPOLYTUS.

Impose the Gods
That all your race legitimate may tread
In the same path.

THESEUS.

Desert me not, my Son ;
Take courage.

HIPPOLYTUS.

It is now, alas ! too late,
For, O my Sire, I die. Make no delay,
But with this garment cover o'er my face. (*He dies.*)

THESEUS.

Minerva's fortress, thou Athenian realm,
Of what a virtuous Prince art thou depriv'd !
Ah, wretched me ! how oft shall I reflect,
O Venus, on the ills which thou hast caus'd !

CHORUS.

On our whole city hath this public loss
Fallen unforeseen. Abundant tears shall flow,
When bleed the mighty, their sad history leaves
A more profound impression on the heart.

IPHIGENIA in AULIS.

Anhänger im Jahr

TANZEN UND SINGEN

Sæpænð Jóðamíl 2 14 3 14

Relligio peperit scelerosa atque impia factas 2 2 II 4.

Aulide quo pacto Triviai virginis Aram.

Iphianassaï turparunt sanguine foedè

Dactores Danaum, deleeti, prima virorum.

LUCRETIUS

PERSONS of the DRAMA;

A GAMMNON. A KING OF ILLYRIA

An aged Attendant.

CHORUS of *Dames of Chalcis.*

MENELAUS.

MESSENGER.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

IPHIGENIA.

ACHILLES.

SCENE, the *Craft* bordering on the Haven of Aulis
in Boetia.

IPHIGENIA in AULIS.

AGAMEMNON, AN AGED ATTENDANT.

AGAMEMNON.

COME forth, my aged follower, from this tent.

ATTENDANT.

I come. But what fresh scheme employs the thoughts
Of royal Agamemnon?

AGAMEMNON.

Thou shalt hear.

ATTENDANT.

I hasten. Old age gives keenness to these eyes,
And makes them strangers to sleep's balmy gifts.

AGAMEMNON.

What star now holds his course?

ATTEMPT.

'Tis Sirius borne

Near the seven Pleiades in mid career.

A G A M E M N O N.

No sound is heard, or from the feather'd choir,
Or ocean's waves; the silent winds still keep Euripus in a calm.

ATTENDANT.

But why rush forth,

My Sovereign, from your tent ? for o'er this coast
Of Aulis still an universal rest
Prevails, and station'd on yon walls remain
The continuall, ~~inaction~~ Survey
Shall we go in ?

AGAMEMNON.

Thee, O thou aged man,
Happy I deem, and happy all who live
From danger free, inglorious and unknown :
But those on whom great honours wait, I hold
Less to be envied.

ATTENDANT.

Hence doth life acquire it.

Its splendor.

A. G. A M M E M N O N.

Yet such splendor oft is found
Precarious. Empire, tempting to the view,
Comes laden with affliction. For some God,
To whom our homage was not duly paid,
At times our prosperous fortunes hath o'erthrew
Again, a Monarch's transitory bliss,
By the discordant froward wills of those
We rule, hath been embitter'd.

ATTENDANT.

In a King

I blame such language. From a mortal Sire
 You spring not to receive unmixed good,
 O Agamemnon: Atreus' son must feel
 Vicissitudes of joy and grief, the lot
 Of human kind: reluctance nought avails,
 For thus hath Heaven ordain'd. You snatch the torch
 And write that very letter, which your hand
 Still bears irresolutely, then erase
 The signature, seal, break it open, dash
 The [1] tablet on the ground, shed many a tear,
 And shew such wild confusion, that your brain
 Seems touch'd with frenzy. Wherefore labouring
 Your bosom; what new grievance wound [heaves
 To me reveal your cares, and be assur'd,
 You to a faithful and a virtuous man
 Will utter them. Me, Tyndarus, with your Bride

[1] " The younger Racine, himself a Poet, justly praises this
 " picture as admirable, in the Mem. of the Acad. des Inscript.
 " t. viii. p. 290. Ovid has with great success transferred the
 " thought of Euripides, copied, I apprehend, from hence, to
 " Biblis preparing to reveal by letter her incestuous love to her
 " Brother Caunus.

" *Incipit; et dubitat, scribit damnataque tabellas;*
 " *Et notat: et delet; mutat, culpatque, probatque;*
 " *Inque vicem sumtas ponit, positaque résumit.*

MS. T. I. ix. v. 522.

" The pencil then in her fair hand she held,
 " By fear discourag'd, but by love compell'd,
 " She writes, then blots, writes on, and blots again,
 " Likes it as fit, then rases it as vain."

S. HARVEY.

Valkenaer-not, in Hippolytum, p. 299.

Barnes, Carmelli, and others, understand by Πίναξ " a torch." but Valkenaer is followed by Mr. Markland and Dr. Musgrave, in interpreting it of the tablet made of the wood of the pine tree, on which Agamemnon was writing his letter.

94. IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

Erst sent as an addition to her dower,
An upright guardian to the royal fair.

[2] AGAMEMNON.

To Leda, from Æolian Thestius sprung,
Were born three Daughters ; Phœbe, Clytemnestra
My wife, and Hélén, to whose love asör'd
The wealthiest youths of Greece ; each rival, threats
Of murderous vengeance utter'd, if he fail'd
To win the maid, her Father hence remain'd
Long in suspence, whether he should bestow [3]
Or not bestow her, and on wavering Fortune
How with most surety he might fix his hold :
At length this thought occur'd, he made them swear,
Join hands in token of the sacred league,
Sprinkle libations as the victims blaz'd,
And bind themselves with curses to assist
That favour'd youth, who for his bride obtain'd
The bright Tyndarean nymph, and from his house

[2] This speech, though interwoven with the dialogue, is evidently calculated only to give information to the spectators, as the Attendant, to whom it is addressed, could be no stranger to the history of Tyndarus's family, in which he had resided as a servant till the marriage of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra : the following fragment however, preserved by Ælian, and cited as from this play, is with great probability supposed, by Dr. Mulsgrave, to have formed part of the Prologue, which appears to have been spoken by Diana.

A Hind with branching horns, I in the hands
Of Grecian Chiefs will place, which they shall slay,
And deem that they have sacrificed thy Daughter.

[3] " This seems taken from Æschylus :

" Ηρμηχανω δι, οαις ορθος, μι χει Φερνας,
" ορθος ιε, μι ορθοντον, ιαι τυχην ελειν.

Suppl. v. 384.

" Perplex'd I fear
" To act, or not to act, and fix my choice." Potter.

MARKED.

If any ravisher should bear away
 The lovely prize, to war with all their might
 Against him, and his city overthrow,
 Greek or Barbarian. But their plighted troth
 When they had given them, by this sage device,
 Soon as the aged Tyndarus had o'erreach'd
 His Daughter he permitted to select
 One of her suitors, as the welcome gale
 Which Venus raises, should direct her love.
 Her choice was Menelaus: would to Heaven
 My Brother had refus'd the tempting bane.
 But from the Phrygian land, fame loudly tells
 How Paris, who had lately been the judge
 Betwixt contending Goddesses, arrived
 On Sparta's shore with glittering vest attir'd
 In burnish'd gold, and gay Barbaric pomp:
 He, amorous youth, departing, bore away
 The amorous Helen, and to Ida's mount,
 On which he fed the lowing herd, convey'd
 In Menelaus' absence. But thro' Greece
 The raging Husband flew, and by that oath,
 Which they to Tyndarus erst had sworn, conjur'd
 Each [4] rival chief to vindicate his wrongs.

[4] In Apollodorus we meet with a list of Helen's Suitors, twenty-nine in number, including most of the Grecian Heroes, celebrated by Homer in his Iliad, except Achilles: Helen indeed, in the Tragedy of Euripides which bears her name, speaking to Teucer, says, she has heard that Achilles was one of Helen's lovers: but Pausanias in the 24th chapter of his Laconica is clearly of a different opinion, and considers Achilles, from what he himself says in the first book of the Iliad, as a volunteer in the cause, a circumstance very essential to that Hero's character, whose remaining disguised in female apparel at the court of Lycomedes till he was discovered by Ulysses, must cause him to appear in a very dishonourable light, if previously bound by no oath to Tyndarus to assist in the recovery of his Daughter; a reproach which is wholly obviated by Apollodorus' account of his being conveyed to the island of Scyros in disguise, at the time of

56 IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

To arms hence rushing with impetuous speed,
 The Greeks their troops assemble in these straits
 Of Aulis; ships with targets, neighing steeds
 And brazen chariots for the war prepar'd:
 Me have they chosen to command this host,
 Because I am his Brother, for the sake
 Of Menelaus; but this rank I wish
 Another in my stead had gain'd. Our troops,
 Collected from each various Grecian realm,
 Are in this port bound by an envious calm.
 [5] But after hesitating long, the Seer
 Calchas this dreadful oracle pronounc'd,
 That Iphigenia must be offer'd up
 In sacrifice to Dian, who these fields
 Inhabits, that our fleet shall sail auspicious
 And conquer Troy, these bloody rites perform'd,
 But fail if we neglect them: such response

his being only nine years of age, by his Mother Thetis, who foresaw his perishing in the war against Troy.

[5] The expression *αὐτοῖς ταχεῖς* rendered by Barnes, *cum valde angeretur animo*, is more literally translated in the old version under the name of Dorotheus Camillus, *usus hæsitationis*. Carmelli, in his note, explains it, *quid agendum esset pendens animi*. In the tale forged by Sinon in Virgil, the account of the reluctance shewn by Calchas to direct a human victim to be slain at the altar, so nearly resembles what is here said of him that it strikes me as probably suggested by the words here made use of, Ulysses being also there privy to the transaction.

Bis quinos silet illi dies: tecisque recusat

Prodere voce suâ quemquam aut opponere morti.

AEn. I. ii. v. 126.

Unexceptionable as the text appears, and tho' we hear of no manuscript that dissents from this reading, which is that of Aldus and Barnes, not to mention a catalogue of other editors, Reiskeius proposes altering *αὐτοῖς* into *εὑποῖς*, Hemsterhuisius substitutes *καχημένω* for *ταχεῖς*; and Heath, Markland, and Dr. Musgrave prefer *καχημένοις*; but I am not able to discover any reason they have for wishing to change the text.

Soon as I heard, Talthybius I injoin'd
 By proclamation to disband the host,
 Resolving that I never would permit
 My Daughter to be slain ; till me at length
 By every argument my Brother won
 To undertake an office most abhor'd.
 I wrote, and to my Wife dispatch'd the scroll,
 That hither, as Achilles' destin'd Bride,
 Our Daughter she should send : I of his rank
 Full highly spoke, and said, he would not join
 The fleet, unless a Consort of our lineage
 Were borne to Phthia. These persuasive words
 I to my Wife address'd : the virgin's nuptials
 Are but a fiction craftily devis'd.
 Calchas alone, of all the Grecian host,
 Ulysses, Menelaus, and myself,
 Know the true fact. My unadvis'd decrees
 Are justly countermanded in this letter
 Which thou beheld'st me, 'midst the gloom of night,
 Opening and folding up again. But go,
 And take it hence to Argos : the contents,
 Yet unreveal'd, in words will I explain
 To thee at large, because, thou to my Wife,
 And th' interests of my house, still faithful prov'st.

A T T E N D A N T.

Inform me what they are, so shall my tongue
 Agree with the commissions of my Lord.

A G A M E M N O N.

" After my former letter, I again
 " To thee, O progeny of Leda, write ;
 " Thy Daughter to Eubœa's winding shores [6],

[6] The Euripus was so narrow in the part where it separated Aulis, which is situated in the province of Bœotia, from Chalcis in the island of Eubœa, that we find mention made by Strabo, of

98. IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

" And Aulis' haven send not, we her nuptials
" Will, at a future season, celebrate."

ATTENDANT.

But, of his promis'd Comfort when depriv'd,
Will not Achilles instantly burst forth
Into a storm of anger against you
And Clytemnestra? in this too there lies
Much danger: speak your thoughts.

AUTHOR.

With his name only
Achilles furnishes us; in the maid
He hath no real interest, nor knows aught
Of such espousals: to my present schemes
An utter stranger, never hath he heard
How I my Daughter call'd his destin'd Bride [7],
Pretending to confign her to his arms.

a bridge of communication being there thrown over it. The Chorus indeed in the ensuing Ode represent themselves as having passed by water from Chalcis to Aulis. In the transposition of the two lines spoken by the Attendant, and throwing the contents of the letter into one continued speech, I have obeyed the directions of Reiskius, Markland, and Mulgrave,

[7] " From this form of speech we learn, that after such giving his Daughter the name of her intended husband, she would no longer be called simply Iphigenia, but Achilles's Iphigenia. Penelope, in Ovid's Epistles, refers to this custom.

" Tua sum tua dicar oportet;

" Penelope conjux semper Ulysses ero."

Still am I yours, and this distinction claim,

Still to be call'd by your illustrious name,

And to the latest period of my life,

Remain Penelope Ulysses wife.

Mr. Markland, from whom I have extracted the above, proceeds with a variety of other instances, some of which seem opposite to the purpose, and others utterly foreign from it, particularly Κλιθένης Αγαρίστη from Herodotus, l. vi. 131 which there evidently means Agarista, the Daughter, and not the affianced Bride or Wife of Clithenes.

A T T E N D A N T.

Most shocking was his enterprise, O King,
Having pronounc'd her thus the future Wife
Of Thetis' Son, your Daughter to these shores
A victim for the Greeks, would you have brought.

A G A M E M M O N.

Alas! I was not in my perfect mind.
The snares of fate entangle me: but hence
Proceed with active step, nor let old age
Retard thy journey.

A T T E N D A N T.

O my Lord, I hasten.

A G A M E M M O N.

Where groves o'erhang the fountains, fit not down,
Nor yield incantous to bewitching Sleep.

A T T E N D A N T.

Forbear that word ill-omen'd. [8].

[8] Sleep being considered by the ancients as the Brother of Death, according to Homer,

Ἐτδ' Τυπωὶ Συρβάλῳ, καστρινῷ Γαραλῷ. Il. xiv. v. 231.

And seeks the cave of Death's half-brother Sleep. Pope.
In like manner among the forms which *Aeneas* meets with in Virgil at his entrance on the infernal regions are

Lethumque, laborque,

Tum consanguineus Lethi sōpor. Aen. I. vi. v. 278.

Here toils and Death, and Death's half-brother Sleep.

DRYDEN.

In Hesiod's Generation of the God's, Death and Sleep are represented as having Night for their Mother without any Father.

Νυξ δὲ στεκεῖ γυνερού τε Μορφή, καὶ κερα μελαιναν,
Καὶ Γαραλός, τεκτὸς Τυπων, εἴκελος δὲ φυλος οὐσιών,
Οὐλινος κοιμηθεσσα Θεα τεκτα Νυξ αριστερη. Theog. v. cxxi.

Now darksome Night fruitful began to prove.

Without the knowledge of connubial love.

From her black womb sad Destiny and Fate,

Death, Sleep, and numerous Dreams derive their date.

100 IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

A G A M E M N O N.

As thou tread'st
Where the roads separate, watchfully observe
On rapid axle left a car whirl by,
And bear my Daughter to the Grecian fleet.

A T T E N D A N T.

This shall be done.

A G A M E M N O N.

Away, and if thou meet
Their chariot, seize the reins, and send them back
To those fam'd cities which the Cyclops rear'd.

A T T E N D A N T.

But how, if I speak thus, shall I find credit,
Or with your Daughter or the royal Dame?

A G A M E M N O N.

The seal, which on that letter I have stamp'd,
Preserve unbroken. Go, for Morn lights up
Her torch already, and Hyperion's steeds
Breathe fire. Assist my toils. Unmingled bliss
No mortal for his portion hath obtain'd:
He who ne'er tasted grief is yet unborn. [Exeunt.

C H O R U S.

O D E.

I. I.

To Aulis' sandy coast I steer'd my way,
Thro' Euphrates' billowy straits
Which separate from this winding bay
Chalcis, my native city, to whose gates
Diffusing riches o'er the genial soil,

[9] Fam'd Arethuse conducts her spring,
And hastens her tributary waves to bring
To the dread ruler of the main :
That I might see you hoit o'erspread the plain,
And the stout sailors with obdurate toil,
The tough oar-pling, and unfurl'd each sail,
The Demigods of Greece convey :
Our Husbands tell, in gallant pride
A thousand vessels plow the azure tide ;
Brave Menelaus sheath'd in mail,
And Agamemnon, o'er the watery way
For Troy conduct them, Helen to regain,
From Eurotas' ready plain
Whom Paris bore, a gift the Queen of Love
Promis'd, when at the fount she strove
With Juno and Minerva, where her eyes
The golden apple won, superior beauty's prize.

I. 2.

With victims strown, I pass'd Diana's grove,
Blushes ting'd my glowing cheek,
But youthful ardor bid me rove,
A new and wondrous spectacle to seek,
The camp intrench'd, the tents, and numerous steeds.
Two social Chiefs, each Ajax, there
My eyes beheld, this brave Oileus' heir,
That drew from Telamon his birth ;
The pride of Salamis, his parent earth,
Protephilus too ; in flowery meads
[10] Sporting with sculptur'd dice the warriors lay ;

[9] Thus likewise Pliny: Eubœa fonte Arethusâ nobilis.
Nat. Hist. l. iv. c. 21.

[10] The word *Πλεσσος*, which likewise occurs in the Medea, v. 68, and the Suppliants, v. 409. has been productive of much controversy and various interpretations, some rendering it *Dice*, and others *Chefs*. In the first book of Homer's Odyssey, the

Then Palamedes, Nauplius Son
 Of Neptune was his Sire, and near
 Whirling a quoit did Diomede appear :
 Astonish'd multitudes survey
 Meriones, far fam'd for trophies won,
 Who from the God of war his lineage boasts ;
 And from the wave encircled coasts
 Of Ithaca, for mountains steep renown'd,
 Laertes' Son in arms was found,
 Accompanied by Nireus to the field,
 [11] To whose engaging form each Grecian Chief
 must yield.

Suitors of Penelope are represented as playing at this game. The explanatory terms made use of by the Scholiast are Κύβοι and Ψηφοι : Pope translates *t. Chess*, and refers us to Athenaeus, who has preserved a very circumstantial account of the manner in which Apion the Grammian relates that Cteson an inhabitant of Ithaca informed him, that the suitors played at this game, which appears to be of a distinct species from either *Dice* or *Chess*. Herodotus asserts, that the Lydians, in the reign of Atys son of Manes, were the discoverers των κυβῶν καὶ των αστραγάλων καὶ τύπων σφαιρῶν, and every other species of games except των Πλεσσῶν, the invention of which is unanimously ascribed to Palamedes at the siege of Troy. The reader, who is curious in these matters, will find the subject largely discussed by Eustathius, p. 1396, ed. Romæ 1550 ; and Meursius in his *treatise de Ludis Græcorum*. Freret in the *Academie des inscriptions*, v. 5. hist. p. 252, asserts, that the Game of Chess was unknown till the fifth century, and originated from an Indian Brahmin : the circumstance which strikes me as giving a decisive weight to this account is, that Ζεργίκιον, the Greek word for Chess, said to be derived from the Persian language, is unknown to the more ancient writers and lexicographers, but occurs in the Scholia to Theocrytus' Idyll. vi. v. 18. Meursius *Glossarium Græco-Barbarum, et Du Cange Glossarium ad Scriptores medie et infimæ Græcitatis*.

[11] This Ode being in a great measure borrowed from the catalogue of the Grecian fleet in the second book of the Iliad :

I. 3.

Achilles too I saw, whose agile feet
 Equal'd in their career the passing wind; [mind.
 Him Thetis bore, and Chiron form'd his generous
 Close by the shore where lay the anchor'd fleet,
 Array'd in arms, he strove with rapid pace
 From rapid steeds to win the race.
 But with loud shouts Eumelus whirl'd along, [12]
 Four coursers graceful to behold,
 Caparison'd with studded gold

the beauty of Nireus, on which Homer so much expatiates, naturally claims a place for him in this account of the Heroes, given by the Dames of Chalcis, who form the Chorus, notwithstanding

Ἀλαταδίος ενν, Πανδος δε οι επλεό λαος.

Few his troops, and small his strength in arms. Pope.

In the sixth book of Quintus Calaber, Nireus falls by the spear of Eurypylus. It may seem extraordinary that the Tragic Poet should thus join Ulysses and Nireus, two persons of manners as unsuitable to each other, as the islands over which they reigned were remote; Syma, whence Homer mentions Nireus bringing three ships, and of which Diodorus Siculus also informs us he was King, being, according to Strabo, one of those islands which are at no great distance from the coast of Caria, with the main continent of Greece, and large tracts of ocean between that and Ithaca. In Homer, Ulysses commands twelve ships. Il. I. xii. v. 631—637.

[12] Homer gives Eumelus two mares whose superior speed to any horses in the Grecian camp is celebrated Il. I. ii. v. 763—767; and in the Chariot race, at the funeral games of Patroclus, they are on the point of obtaining him the prize, when he is thrown from his seat by Minerva, who favours his competitor Diomedes: Eumelus brings eleven ships from Phereia, mentioned v. 711—715, among the catalogue of the Grecian forces. That the reader may not be interrupted with a note to every sentence, I here proceed with my references to the second book of the Iliad, where the Myrmidons in fifty ships commanded by Achilles are mentioned v. 681—685; the division from Argos, over which Diomedes is first in command, Sthenelus second, and Euryalus

Onward he drove, and wav'd his lengthen'd thong ;
 White spots adorn'd the two that bore the yoke,
 Two more abreast, in lighter harness wheel'd
 The gliding car, which scarce impress'd the field ;
 Their solid hoofs with oft repeated stroke
 Dash'd on ; yet they obey'd the reins,
 Dappled their legs, flame-colour'd were their manes,
 Yet could not speed like theirs avail
 T' outstrip Pelides, with unwearied force
 Hard by the spokes he held his course,
 Tho' cas'd in cumbrous mail.

third, consists of eighty ships, v. 559—568 ; the ships of Athene, *here* commanded by the Son of Theseus (either Acamas or Demophoon) instead of sixty, are fifty, under Menestheus, whose reign, though its duration was more than twenty years, we find (as I have had occasion to mention in a note on the *Heruba*, and as appears more fully from the Tragedy entitled *The Children of Hercules*) is entirely passed over by Euripides, who makes Acamas and Demophoon the immediate successors of their Father Theseus, v. 546—556 ; the fifty ships of the Bœotians under Peucelus, Leitus, and three other Chiefs, have 120 warriors in each, v. 495—510 ; the Phocians (who are here but just mentioned) have forty ships commanded by Schedius and Epistrophus, v. 517—526 ; the Locrians the same number, under Ajax. Oileus, v. 527—535 ; the division from Mycene, an hundred, commanded by Agamemnon himself, v. 569—580 ; from Pylos and other parts of Messenia go under Nestor, v. 590—602 ; instead of twelve, Homer mentions twenty-two ships from Æolia in Thessaly and the regions bordering on Dodona in Epirus, commanded by Guneus, v. 748—755 ; the troops of Elis (sometimes called Epeans, from one of their kings Epeus, Son of Endymion, mentioned by Paulanias in the commencement of his fifth book) came in forty ships under four leaders, one of them Thalpinus the Son of Eurytus ; the same number from the islands called Echinades, situated near the mouth of the river Achelous in Ætolia, under Meges, v. 625—630 ; the twelve ships from Salamis, under Ajax Telamon, v. 557. Only part of the Grecian fleet is *here* mentioned by Euripides, who sometimes does not specify the number of ships, but wherever he does, his list accords in this respect with Homer's ; the Tragic Bard having only taken away ten ships from the squadron of the Ælians, in order to add them to that of his countrymen the Athenians.

II. 1.

Then onward to their numerous ships I came,
 Stupendous objects, with delight
 Each spectator to inflame,
 And strike a wondering female's dazzled sight.
 With fifty barks, were plac'd in the right wing
 The Myrmidons from Phthia's land :
 On each high poop, the sculptor's mimic hand
 In golden imagery express'd
 A lovely Nereid in cerulean vest.
 Achilles' dauntless troops these ensigns bring.
 Next stood the Argive fleet, whose numerous bands
 Of Sailors plied the dashing oar,
 'Twas by Mecisteus' offspring led
 Euryalus, his Grandson Talaus bred
 The stripling, and that high command,
 With him fierce Sthenelus united bore.
 The Son of Theseus from th' Athenian strand,
 With fifty barks for combat mann'd
 Near these was station'd ; on each burnish'd car
 Seen from the lofty deck afar,
 Auspicious sign to guard them from the storm ;
 The Mariners revere Minerva's pictur'd form.

II. 2.

Full fifty ships, I saw, Bœotia's fleet,
 With victorious ensigns grac'd,
 The dragon stretcht at Cadmus' feet,
 Emboss'd in gold, on every beak was plac'd,
 O'er these did earth-born Leitus hold command
 But the next barks from Phocis came.
 With equal numbers bearing Locris' name
 Oileus' offspring Ajax join'd
 The fleet, and left fam'd Thronium's walls behind :
 But Agamemnon, with a mightier band,

Mycene by the Cyclops rear'd, forsook,
 An hundred sail the Monarch brought,
 [13] His steps Adraſtus did attend,
 And with the zealous courage of a friend
 The general's arduous post partook ;
 Thro' Greece, with unremitting ardor fraught,
 He urg'd each warrior to pursue the Dame
 Who yielded to a foreign flame,
 And from her bridal mansions basely fled.

[13] Commentators have varied greatly in their explanations of this passage. Some think Adraſtus, King of Argos, and afterwards of Sicyon, is here introduced thro' a poetical licence, though his death was previous to the siege of Troy. In Barnes's version we find Adraſtus haud fugiturus Menelaus; and Mr. Markland concurs in supposing *Adraſtus* to mean that Hero: but I rather apprehend *Φίλος*; *Φίλω* to denote the person here mentioned to have been a subject of Agamemnon, whom he admitted to the familiarity of a friend; nor is it probable, that any confederate Sovereign should be described as his assistant in marshalling that particular division of the fleet which attended him from Mycene, and least of all his Brother, Menelaus, who, as Homer informs us, launched a separate squadron of 60 ships from his own Spartan dominions. Upon the whole, I can discover no sufficient motive for either altering, or putting a forced construction on the ancient reading; by raising up the names of the dead. This Adraſtus, I grant, is not to be found in Homer; nor is it material to our present enquiry, whether he is wholly passed over as a person in a subordinate station, who performed no memorable achievement, or whether he died, or like Protesilaus and many others were slain by the enemy, in the course of those nine years, which intervened from the rendezvous of the fleet at Aulis, to the last year of the Trojan war, at which period of time the Iliad opens. Since I wrote the above, I have consulted the note on this passage in the new edition of Euripides, published by Dr. Musgrave; who, with great probability, supposes the Adraſtus here spoken of to be the son of Polynices, mentioned by Patroclus, who had an hereditary claim by his Mother's side to the kingdom of Argos, and interprets *ως Φίλος Φίλω* his waving all private enmity in support of the general cause of his country.

With aged Nestor at their head
 The barks of Pylos full in sight display'd
 Alpheus, with cloven hoofs, on every poop convey'd.

II. 3.

Twelve vessels Ænia furnish'd, and its King
 Guneus presided : Elis' sons next came,
 Whom from their antient Lord the crowd Epeans name,
 Them to the war did stern Eurytus bring.
 From the Echinades to Aulis' shores
 The Taphians plied their lighter oars,
 Meges commanded, who from Phyleus springs,
 On their inhospitable strand
 No mariner prelumes to land.

Closing the space between the marshall'd wings,
 Ajax, the prince of Salamis, appear'd,
 In twelve swift barks, conspicuous to our view,
 His sailors I observ'd a dauntless crew :
 'The ship, by a barbarian pilot steer'd
 To grapple with such foes, no more
 Shall ever homeward ply the dashing oar.
 Hail, Aulis, from whose sandy plain
 These eyes delighted saw the natal host ;
 Th' encampment on thy peopled coast
 My memory shall retain.

MENELAUS, ATTENDANT, CHORUS.

ATTENDANT [to Menelaus, who is forcing
 the Letters from him].

Such daring violence, such open wrong,
 Becomes not Menelaus.

MENELAUS.

Slave, depart ;
 Thou carry'st thy fidelity too far.

108 IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

ATTENDANT.

Reproaches on so glorious an account
But do me honour.

MENELAUS.

Soon shalt thou repent,
If thou presume to act a part ill-suited
To thy low rank.

ATTENDANT.

You ought not to have open'd
The letter I convey.

MENELAUS.

Nor thou to have borne
That scroll with mischiefs fraught to every Greek.

ATTENDANT.

Debate that point hereafter, and release it.

MENELAUS.

I will not quit my hold.

ATTENDANT.

Nor will I meanly
Surrender up my trust.

MENELAUS.

This sceptre soon
Shall with thy blood defile that hoary head.

ATTENDANT.

To perish in the service of my Lord
Were sure an honourable death.

MENELAUS.

Let go :
Slave as thou art, presum'st thou to harangue ?

ATTENDANT.

My royal Master, I am wrong'd; thy letter
He from my hands hath wrested, nor will act
As justice dictates.

AGAMEMNON, MENELAUS, ATTENDANT,
CHORUS.

AGAMEMNON.

What tumultuous sounds
Burst thro' the gates, what unbegoming words?

ATTENDANT.

My tale, not his, your first attention claims.

AGAMEMNON.

Say, Menelaus, whence this struggle rose?
Why didst thou drag him forcibly along?

[Exit Attendant.

MENELAUS, holding up the Letter.

Look upon me: to what I shall unfold,
This is the prelude.

AGAMEMNON.

Shall not Atreus' son
Open his eyes without dismay?

MENELAUS.

Behold you
These characters subservient to designs
Most infamous?

AGAMEMNON.

I see; but first restore
The letter.

L

ME IPHIGENIA IN AULIS;

MENE LAU S.

Not till I its foul contents
To every Grecian leader have display'd.

AGAMEMNON.

What ! wert thou mean enough to break the seal,
And thence discover what thou should'st not know ?

MENE LAU S.

These secret machinations, to your sorrow,
Have I detected.

AGAMEMNON.

Tell me how thou cam'st
To intercept my letter ? O ye Gods,
What shameless treachery in thy soul is lodg'd !

MENE LAU S.

I waited for your Daughter to arrive
From Argos at the camp.

AGAMEMNON.

Why should'st thou watch
Aught that is mine ? betray not these proceedings
A want of decency ?

MENE LAU S.

Because my will
Did instigate ; because I am no slave
To your behests.

AGAMEMNON.

Are not these outrages
Most daring ? shall not I in my own house
Be suffer'd to bear rule ?

MENE LAU S.

Your crooked schemes
This present moment vary from the last,
And at the next as suddenly will change.

AGAMEMNON.

Thon shew'st thy skill : yet is there nought more
Than the vile sophister's insidious tongue. [hateful

MENELAUS.

The soul that wavers is devoid of justice,
And not to be relied on by our friends.
I would convince you ; in your wrath reject not
Th' unwelcome voice of truth. I cannot flatter,
Full well you know when eagerly you sought
To be the general of the Grecian troops
And lead them on for Troy, you in appearance
Declining what you wish'd for, humbly squeez'd
The meanest of the people by the hand,
Your doors were open'd wide for all who chose
To enter, and to each you in his turn
With courtesy gave audience, ev'n the man
Who would have wav'd such honour, while you strove
To render that authority your own
[14] Which yet was undispos'd of. Having gain'd
This point, your manners instantly you chang'd,
And to your former friends no longer shew'd
Th' attachment you so lately had profess'd,
Hard of access, and seldom to be found
At home. But when in highest stations plac'd,
An alter'd carriage ill besits the man

[14] The phrase *σε μεσω*, which Barnes and Dr. Musgrave have rendered a vulgo, is in Mr. Markland's version *quod in medio jacebat*. The meaning seems to be the same with that given by the interpreters to *communia* in Horace, where he says in his *Art of Poetry*, *difficile est. propriæ communia dicere*, by which they understand the difficulty of writing on a *new* subject, or what lies open to all men and is yet unappropriated : as was the case with the command in chief of the Grecian forces on their first assembling, each squadron being led by the King or General of an independent state.

Of real virtue: to his friends he ought
 To be most steadfast, when effectual means
 Of aiding them his prosperous fortune yields.
 My censure, with the faults I first perceiv'd
 In you, have I begun; but since you came
 To Aulis with th' assembled troops of Greece,
 You shrunk to nothing: Heaven's impending wrath
 With consternation fill'd you; prosperous gales
 Arose not: the impatient host exclaim'd;
 " Disband the fleet, nor linger here in vain."
 What grief and what confusion did those eyes
 Express, as if depriv'd of your command
 Over a thousand ships, ere you have cover'd
 The fields of Priam with avenging troops!
 To me you then applied; " how shall I act,
 " What scheme devise?" lest stripp'd of such high
 rank,
 You with your power should forfeit all renown.
 Since Calchas at the holy rites declar'd
 Your daughter to Diana must be given
 In sacrifice, that on these terms, the host
 A favourable voyage would await,
 With joy you promis'd of your own accord
 To offer up the victim, and dismiss'd
 A messenger (pretend not to allege
 'Twas thro' constraint) your Consort to direct
 To send the Virgin hither, on pretence
 That she shall wed Achilles. Now you change
 Your purpose, and in secrecy dispatch
 Another letter, that on no pretence
 Will you your Daughter at the altar slay.
 Witness thou conscious air, for sure thou heard'st
 These inconsistencies. Too many act
 As you have done, in labouring to obtain
 Authority, with meanness then recoil;
 Some, by the judgment of a foolish crowd,

By their own conscience, others, sway'd, who prove
 Too feeble to maintain the public weal.
 But chiefly I lament the woes of Greece
 Who nobly aiming at a great revenge
 'Gainst those Barbarians, leaves the slaves to scoff
 At our repulse: this shame she owes to you,
 And to your Daughter. Kindred ties alone
 With me shall ne'er prevail when I appoint
 The ruler of a city or the chief
 Entrusted with the conduct of an host,
 A general should be eminently wise:
 Men of superior intellects were born
 To govern.

C H O R U S.

O how dreadful are their feuds
 When brothers fir'd with mutual rage contend!

A C A M M. N O N.

I, too, 'gainst thee will utter my complaints
 In terms concise and guarded, not replete
 With impudence, but sage fraternal love.
 For a base man is wont to have no sense
 Of honest shame. What means that furious look,
 Why glare those blood-stain'd eyes? who wrongs
 thee? speak
 What are thy wishes? hop'st thou to obtain
 [15] A virtuous Consort? such I cannot give,

[15] The reading of the Aldus edition, *λεχείς γε τοι χειρος*
ποσεις, has been retained by Henry Stephens, Canterus, Barnes,
 and Dr. Mulgrave, either without any variation, or such as is
 immaterial to an English reader: Mr. Markland has, however,
 in the most peremptory manner, dictated an alteration, the truth
 of which he says, he thinks it impossible to make any doubt of,
 and instead of *τεχείς γε τοι χειρος*, reads *επειχειρεις*: the mean-
 ing of the passage thus new modelled is "do you want to have

For she thou hadst was lost thru' thy misconduct;
 Must I, tho' guiltless, in thy stead be doom'd
 To suffer? can a Brother's rank offend?
 Yet seek'st thou to embrace the beauteous Dame,
 Tho' reason, and tho' honour's voice forbid?
 The pleasures of the worthless are most vile;
 If I who judg'd amiss at first, have chang'd
 On thoughts mature my purpose, am I frantic?
 Thou rather, who hast lost a faithless Wife,
 And would'st bring back the pest which Heav'n
 remov'd,

The Suitors, that infest a amorous train,
 Engag'd themselves to Tyndarus by an oath:
 But Hope became their Goddess; she, I deem,
 Had more effect on their deluded souls
 Than all thy fat'rest, or thy vaunted power.
 Collect this troop, and issue to the field;
 Where, of thy folly soon am I convinc'd
 Thou the effects wilt feel. For sure the Gods

" *my Wife?*" not a single manuscript is cited in its support; scripturæ vestigia, which he mentions in his note, seems too vague an expression, and no such traces do we meet with in any other editor. Were such reading to be adopted, I greatly question whether the Tragic Muse, in any age or country whatever could furnish us with a more striking breach of Horace's precept,

Nec quicunque Deus, quicunque adhibebitur Heros
 Regali conspectus in auro nuper et ostro,
 Migrat in obscuras humili sermone tabernas.

" Who lately shone a Hero or a God,

" Array'd in purple robes and royal gold,

" Shall not adopt the language of the swine." *Duncombe.*

The faults of Agamemnon's character, as drawn by Homer and the three great Tragic Poets of Greece, are perhaps as conspicuous as his virtues, but they are not defects of that nature as to reduce him to a level with the Kings of Lucian and Scarron, or afford any sanction to the Critics, who introduce him holding such language as is suited only to old Silenus, or the drunken monster Polypheme.

[16] Are not devoid of wisdom, but perceive
 What oaths are lawless and by force extorted.
 Altho' thy interests may require such breach
 Of justice, I my children will not slay.
 To aid thee in thy vengeance for the loss
 Of an abandon'd Wife. By night, by day,
 How should I pine; how melt away in tears,
 After a dead thus impious against these
 Whom I begot! The words I use are few,
 Clear and explicit. If thou wilt not judge
 Aright, my firm resolves I shall maintain.

C H O K S.

This and your former language disagrees,
 Yet sure 'twere right out children's lives to spare.

M E M E L A U S.

Have I no friends? wretch that I am!

A G A M E M N O N

Thou hast,
 When thou those friends attempt'st not to destroy.

M E M E L A U S.

How will you prove that from one fire we sprung?

A G A M E M N O N.

In wisdom would I sympathize with thee,
 But not in madness.

[16] In adding the line Οὐ γαρ αὐτοῖς το θεοῖς, αλλ' εγειρόμενοι, preserved in the writing of Theophilus of Antioch, and Stobaeus Tit. 28. I have followed the directions of Heath and Dr. Muirgrave; the many conjectural alterations of the latter in this speech being of a more questionable nature, I do not presume to interfere with them, but endeavour to translate, in the best manner I am able, what I apprehend from the concurrence of Aldus and Bartles to be the more genuine text.

MENELAUS.

Friends are bound to share
Their friends' afflictions.

AGAMEMNON.

When by me thou act'st
A generous part, remind me of those duties,
Not when thou griev'st my soul.

MENELAUS.

Are you then loth
To join with Greece in these her common toils?

AGAMEMNON.

Greece hath been stricken by some envious God:
Her frenzy equals thine.

MENELAUS.

In sceptred pomp
You now exult, nor scruple to betray
A brother's cause: but I will have recourse
To other stratagems and other friends.

MESSENGER, AGAMEMNON, MENELAUS,
CHORUS.

MESSENGER.

O Agamemnon, monarch of all Greece,
To introduce that Daughter am I come,
On whom you in your palace erst beftow'd
The name of Iphigenia: she arrives
Accompanied by her illustrious mother
Your Consort Clytemnestra and your son
Orestes. With what pleasure will ye meet
After so long an absence! having finish'd

Their tedious journey, at the limpid fount
 They have their wearied limbs ; but we have loo'd
 The bridles of their steeds, that they may graze
 Over the verdant mead. But to acquaint you
 With their approach was I sent on before,
 For the troops know already : fame hath spread
 Thro' the whole camp glad tidings, that your Daughter
 Is come : the host, with a tumultuous haste,
 Assemble to behold the royal maid.
 The best are as a public mark expos'd
 To wonder and renown. But some enquire,
 " Is she espous'd, or what are their designs ?
 " Impatient for a sight of his lov'd daughter,
 " Did Agamemnon, our illustrious king,
 " Send messengers to fetch her ?" others cry ;
 " For her ere Hymen waves his kindled torch,
 " They to Diana, who in Aulis reigns,
 " Present the Nymph : to whom shall she be join'd
 " In wedlock ?" for th' initiatory rites
 Bring canisters, and crown your heads with flowers.
 Be it thy care t' arrange the bridal pomp,
 O Menelaus, let the chearing flute
 Thro' each apartment sound, and dancers move
 Their active feet ; for with its orient light
 This morn auspicious to the virgin dawns.

AGAMEMNON.

"Tis well. But O retire : for all beside,
 If fate befriend, will we conduct aright.

Exit Messenger.

What shall I say ? ah miserable me !

[17] With thine own woes, thou wretch, thy plaints
 How am I shackled by the galling yoke [begin.

[17] The following passage in the Hecuba, *μαυτην λεγον*
τεγεσα τε, Εκεδην v. 735. is a mode of speaking similar to
 what the Poet here makes use of, and the context clearly shews

Of dire necessity ! o'er all my craft
 Fortune with mightier wisdom hath prevail'd.
 But what a privilege belongs to those
 Of humbler stations ! they with freedom weep,
 And speak of their afflictions : but the man
 Whose birth is noble, feels at once the weight
 Of all these evils : thro' each stage of life.
 Aw'd by the voice of others, we are slaves
 To a vile rabble. Shame withholds the tear
 Just starting from these eyes ; again o'erwhelm'd
 With griefs unnumber'd, blush I that my mourning
 Is thus conceal'd. Enough : but in what terms
 Shall I accost, or how receivè my Wife,
 How teach these eyes to greet her ? for she adds
 To those afflictions I already feel,
 By coming uninvited : yet'tis just
 That she a much-lov'd Daughter should attend,
 At her espousal, and confign the maid
 To a fond bridegroom's arms : but here alas,
 She my perfidious conduct will discern.
 As for this wretched Virgin (but why call
 The destin'd Wife of Pluto by that name ?)
 How do I pity her ! methinks I hear
 The suppliant uttering these reproachful words,
 " O Father, wilt thou kill me ? may thyself,
 [18] " May they thou lov'st experience such espousal
 Meantime Orestes, by his Sister's side, [sals.]

that Agamemnon, according to Carmelli's interpretation, speaks of himself by the term *σέας*. It is necessary to premise thus much in support of the genuine text; as Grotius, Mr. Heath, Mr. Markland, and Dr. Musgrave, have all four attempted to undermine it by their conjectural alterations.

[18] Alluding to the fate of Agamemnon and his concubine Cassandra, which is predicted more at large, with all its concomitant circumstances of horror, in the Agamemnon of Æschylus, v. 1116—1334, the Trojan Captives of our Author, v. 357—362, 445—461 and the Lycophron, v. 1099—1119, by the inspired Cassandra herself.

With inarticulate expressive notes,
 For he is yet an infant, shall exclaim.
 How did the Son of Priam, Paris, cause
 My ruin, for his Bride when he presum'd
 To seize on Helen ! thence these woes I date.

C H O R U S.

Such pity, as from foreign Dames is due
 To the afflictions of a King, I feel.

M E N E L A U S.

Give me your hand, O Brother.

A C A M E M N O N.

Take my hand ;
 For I submit : thou triumph'st ; but my lot
 Is misery.

M E N E L A U S.

By our common Grandfire's shade,
 I swear, by mighty Pelops, and by Atreus
 Our Father, that to you I in plain terms,
 The real dictates of my heart will speak,
 And banish all disguise. When I beheld
 Your streaming tears, compassion bade me weep,
 And change my former purpose : now no more
 A foe, to your opinions I accede,
 Advise you by no means to take away
 Your Daughter's life, nor to my interests give
 Such preference : for 'twere not just that you,
 While I am blest, should groan, and that your children
 Should breathe their last, while mine yet view the Sun.
 What can I wish for ? may not I elsewhere,
 If wedlock be my purpose, gain a Bride,
 Selected from the noblest Grecian maids ?
 But shall I lose a brother justly dear,
 My treacherous Consort Helen to redeem,
 And for the wicked thus exchange the good ?
 As youth and inconsiderate rashness prompt

120 IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

I acted erst: but take a closer view
 Of these transactions, and am now convinc'd
 What horrors wait the murderer of his Children.
 Again, while pondering on our kindred ties,
 I feel compassion for this hapless Maid,
 Who in the cause of my perfidious wife
 Is doom'd to bleed: for what hath she to do
 With Helen? let the host, disbanded, leave
 These shores of Aulis: but no longer weep,
 O Brother, and from these fraternal eyes
 Cease to call forth the sympathising tear.
 If the responses of the Gods, which claim
 Your Daughter's life, affect you, let not me
 In these have any share; for I, to save
 The Virgin, my own interests will forego:
 But anxious to repeal the harsh decree,
 Am I affected by a virtuous cause,
 And to a natural love for him who springs
 From the same Father owe this sudden change:
 Such is the temper of the man, whose soul
 No vicious habits warp, he ever yields
 To the most wise suggestions.

C H O R U S.

Generous words

Are these which thou hast spoken, and most worthy
 Of Tantalus, Jove's Son: thou wilt not shame
 Thy great progenitors.

A C A M E M W O W.

O Menelaus,

I praise thee; the concessions thou hast made
 Transcend my expectations, they become
 A Brother.

M E N E L A U S.

Love and Avarice have dissolv'd
 Many fraternal ties: my soul abhors
 Such bitterness 'twixt those of the same house.

A G A M E M N O N.

But me in such calamity hath fate
Involv'd, that my own Daughter I must slay.

M E N E L A U S.

Why slay her? who can such restraint impose?

A G A M E M N O N.

The whole assembled armament of Greece.

M E N E L A U S.

They cannot, if to Argos you send back [19]
The host.

A G A M E M N O N.

From them, thus far have I conceal'd
All that hath pass'd: but this I cannot hide.

[19] Brumoy interprets this as spoken of the sending back Iphigenia; and Mr. Markland, whose notes on the two Iphigenias bear strong marks of being written more hastily than those with which he favored the public eight years before on the Suppliants of Euripides, proposes Οἰζυς in the stead of Αἴγυος, which he harshly calls "absurd;" but Argos, as Dr. Musgrave observes, is here, and in a variety of other places in Euripides, made use of as synonymous with all confederate Greece. In Homer we meet with a still more striking instance of the unrestrained signification of the word Argos, or rather of its being reduced to a mere expletive; Πελασγικὸν Αἴγυος, Il. L. ii. v. 681, being the appellation given to the district of Pelasgia in Thessaly: at the same time it is observable, that our Tragic Bard has marked out the city of Argos (which, according to a passage in the Archelaus, preferred among his Fragments, was before the reign of Cadmus inhabited by the Pelasgians, whom Eustathius speaks of as a wandering nation scattered over all Greece) by the very same term of Πελασγικὸν Αἴγυος, which occurs both in the Orestes and Phoenissae.

M

122 IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

MENELAUS.

What mean you? shrink not 'tho' immoderate
Of a base rabble. [fear

AGAMEMNON.

Caichas will unfold
This oracle to all the Grecian Chiefs.

MENELAUS.

If he die first, he cannot; and with ease
Might we dispatch him.

AGAMEMNON.

The whole race of Seers
Are mischievous, and thirst for power.

MENELAUS.

A worthless and unserviceable crew.

AGAMEMNON.

Perceiv'st thou not my thoughts?

MENELAUS.

How should I guess
What you declare not?

AGAMEMNON.

By the subtle seed [20]
Of Sisyphus are these responses known.

[20] Some of the ancient writers have asserted, that Anticlea was pregnant by Sisyphus at the time of her being given in marriage to Laertes; and accordingly Sophocles in his Philoctetes, and Euripides in his Cyclops, as well as in the passage before us, call Ulysses the son of that celebrated robber: but when we recollect that Sisyphus was Grandfather to Bellerophon, whose son Hippolychus was father to Glaucus, and his daughter Laodamia, mother to Sarpedon, two of the heroes who were opposed to Ulysses in the Trojan war; it will perhaps be more reasonable to

MENELAUS.

Ulysses cannot hurt us.

AGAMEMNON.

With each art
And various wile that gains the fickle throng
Is he endued.

MENELAUS.

Ambition, hateful pest,
Engrosses his whole soul.

AGAMEMNON.

Think then thou feest him
Stand up amidst the Grecian host, to publish

conclude, that Ulysses acquired the appellation of Σισυφος οὐρανος merely from his resemblance to Sisyphus in being αὐτίπτης αὐτόπτης, “the *greatest* of men;” which is the character Glaucus in Homer gives of his ancestor Sisyphus, Iliad L. vi. v. 253. Abbe Banier, strack no doubt with the great distance of the times in which Sisyphus and Ulysses flourished, has in his dissertation on the Argonauts, Accademie des Inscriptions, Tom. ii. mem. p. 83, attempted to prove, that he was his Great grandson: but when Ulysses, in the Odyssey of Homer, beholds Sisyphus tortured in the infernal regions, he neither attempts to hold any conference with him, nor shews that interest in his sufferings which was due to one of his ancestors, but immediately passes on to Hercules, by whom he is accepted. Indeed the above-mentioned treatise of the French Academician exhibits a pedigree swarming with errors the most obvious: the name of Sisyphus’s father is there called Autolychus, instead of Aeolus; and Homer’s Autolychus, there distinguished by the title of Autolychus *the second*, is said to have been son of Sisyphus and father to Laertes, Ulysses’ father; whereas the God Mercury was the reputed father of Autolychus, who is said by Pausanias to have been in fact, son to one Dcedalio; and that Autolychus was the father not of Laertes, but of Anticles the wife of Laertes and mother of Ulysses, is a fact well known to every man in the least degree conversant with Homer and the mythological writers.

M 2

Those oracles which Calchas hath devis'd,
 And how I rashly promis'd that my Daughter,
 The victim whom I now refuse, should bleed
 At Dian's altar : he the troops will rouse
 To mutiny, and, having slain us both,
 Bid them bring forth and sacrifice the Virgin.
 If to the Argive shore I speed my flight,
 Greece will invade me with confederate strength,
 O'erthrow those walls the Cyclops rear'd, and lay
 My country waste. Wretch that I am ! such woes
 Surround me. To what straits am I now driven
 By the relentless Gods ! O Menelaus,
 Prevent one great addition to my pangs,
 By hastening thro' the ranks, left Clytemnestra.
 Learn my resolves ere I have offer'd up
 The maid to Pluto ; wretched tho' I am,
 Hence I shall spare full many a needless tear.
 But keep strict secrecy, ye foreign Dames.

Exeunt Agamemnon and Menelaus.

C H O R U S.

O D E.

I.

Thrice blest whom Venus warms with temperate fire,
 Instructing them their transports to controul,
 Nor pass the limits of chastis'd desire :
 Wild frenzy triumphs in the human soul,
 When Cupid with malignant joy,
 Sends forth his double arrows to destroy ;
 To make man's life more blest the first hath power,
 From the same quiver flies in evil hour
 'The second shaft, and gives the deadlier wound :
 O lovely Goddess, never, never shed
 Such horrors o'er my peaceful bed,

Let gentle Graces hover round,
And holy Loves their sheltering pinions spread ;
Be each too rapturous flame supprest,
While the soft passions glow within my breast.

II.

The genius and the manners of mankind
Oft vary : Virtue still unchang'd remains ;
By education's aid, the ductile mind
At length that great accomplishment obtains.

By wisdom are her votaries taught
Humbly to think and act as heroes ought :
Hence shall their well-earn'd fame in blooming
Display its laurels unimpair'd by time. [prime]
Just is their title to immortal praise
Who follow Virtue, she in calm retreat
Confines her female votaries' feet,
Whence the forbidden wish ne'er strays :
But manly souls with warlike ardor beat,
Tempt each diversif'd emprise,
And bid their towering cities reach the skies.

III.

Thou left'st, O Paris, each associate Swain,
Rear'd with whom midst Ida's grove
Thy heifers thou didst feed,
Hymning the wild Barbaric strain,
While with Olympus strove [21]
Thy mimic Phrygian reed :

[21] The Olympus here spoken of was a native of Myisia, and a disciple of the Satyr Marfyas, well known by his unsuccessful contest with Apollo: Ovid introduces him bewailing the disastrous fate of his master, with *tum quoque clarus Olympus*; honourable mention is made of him by Plato, Plutarch, and other writers: we moreover learn from Hyginus, that his superior skill in playing the flute, obtained him a prize at the games celebrated by Aealtus son of Pelias.

226 IPHIGENIA IN AULIS:

There brows'd thy lowing herds unheeded by,
 O'er the steep mountain's side,
 When each rival Deity
 The palm ordain'd thee to decide ;
 Hence to Greece thy steps did roam,
 To Lacedæmon's ivory dome :
 When Helen met thy piercing eyes,
 Love's warm suffusion ran thro' every vein,
 Thou too didst feel the thrilling pain,
 Aghast with motionless surprise.
 So Discord rais'd her vengeful hand,
 And madness fir'd the Grecian land,
 Ships float, and javelins gleam around,
 To level Ilion with the ground.

Exalted are the transports of the great :
 Behold the royal daughter of the King,
 Fair Iphigenia, my illustrious Queen ! [22]
 And Clytemnestra of Tyndarean line !
 Lofty the parent stems from which they rose
 To such high fortunes : like the Gods supreme
 They rule this nether world, and on the poor
 Shower portions of their wealth. Here let us stand ;
 Prepar'd to greet the Queen, Eubœan nymphs,
 As from her lofty chariot she descends,
 And in our hands receive her lest she fall.
 By your assiduous courtesy remove
 The fears which Agamemnon's royal Daughter

[22] Here the expression of "my Queen" must be considered as a mere title of respect, and not taken so literally as to imply that Chalcis, or any part of the island of Eubœa, was at that time subject either to Agamemnon or Achilles, to whom the Chorus (mindful of the secrecy enjoined them) here affect to consider Iphigenia as on the point of being married: for we find by Homer, l. ii. v. 536—545. that Elephenor, son of Chalcondones, was at the time of the Trojan war king of Eubœa, from whence he sailed with a squadron of fifty ships under his command.

May haply on her first arrival feel.
 Nor with confusion nor in clamorous strains,
 Let us, who are but strangers in the land,
 Abruptly to these Argive strangers speak.

CLYTEMNESTRA, IPHIGENIA, CHORUS.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

A favourable omen I derive
 From your benignity, and words whose sound
 Is most auspicious: hence I entertain
 Some hope that to blest nuptials I conduct
 The Virgin. From the car those treasures bring
 Intended for her dower, and in the tent
 Deposit carefully: with tender foot
 And delicate, my Daughter, leave thy seat;
 But O receive her in your youthful arms,
 Descending from the chariot, and for me
 That I with safety may alight, perform
 The same kind office: but let others stand
 Before those coursers whom no words can sooth
 If startled: lift Orestes from his seat,
 For he is yet an infant. O my child,
 By the rough motion of this vehicle
 Sleep'st thou o'erpower'd? wake at this lucky hour,
 Wake to thy Sister's hymeneal rites.
 For by affinity, thou nobly born
 Wilt be connected with a mighty kinsman,
 The Son of Thetis equal to the Gods.
 My Daughter, now draw near, and take thy place,
 O Iphigenia, at thy mother's feet,
 That there thou to these foreign dames may'st shew
 How great my happiness. But hither comes.
 Thy much lov'd Sire; accost him.

IPHIGENIA.

Shall I run,
 (My Mother, be not angry at the question)
 And clasp my Father to this throbbing breast?

AGAMEMNON, CLYTEMNESTRA, IPHIGENIA, CHORUS.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

O Agamemnon, my much honour'd lord,
 We come obedient to your high behest.

IPHIGENIA.

With eager step at length I fain would rush
 And throw these arms around my dearest Sire,
 For what I wish for is the sight of thee ;
 Let not this raise thy anger.

AGAMEMNON.

O my Child !
 Indulge these transports : for of all my race
 To me thou ever hast been most attach'd.

IPHIGENIA.

After a tedious absence, with delight
 Thee, O my Father, I again behold.

AGAMEMNON.

Thee to thy Father—every word thou speak'st
 Equally suits us both.

IPHIGENIA.

All hail, my Sire !
 To fetch me hither was most kindly done.

AGAMEMNON.

Alas, I know not whether to assent
Or contradict thee.

IPHIGENIA.

How disturb'd thou look'st,
Tho' here thou seest me at thy own desire.

AGAMEMNON.

A General and a King hath many cares.

IPHIGENIA.

Devote the present hour to me ;—forget
Each weightier business.

AGAMEMNON.

Thou, and thou alone,
Art now the object of my anxious thoughts.

IPHIGENIA.

Clear up that clouded brow then, and with looks
Of more complacency behold thy Daughter.

AGAMEMNON.

Trust me, I feel the joy thy presence gives.

IPHIGENIA.

Yet from those eyes why streams the frequent tear ?

AGAMEMNON.

Because our separation must be long.

IPHIGENIA.

My dearest Sire, I know not what thou mean'st.

AGAMEMNON.

By talking so discreetly on this subject,
Thou wound'st my soul more deeply.

130 IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

IPHIGENIA.

I would utter
The wildest language, could this give thee joy.

AGAMEMNON.

Alas, I am not able to restrain
My tongue : yet thy behaviour I commend.

IPHIGENIA.

Stay with thy children, O my Sire, at home.

AGAMEMNON.

There would I stay for ever : but what grievous
My soul is this, that I have not the power
Such wishes to effect.

IPHIGENIA.

Curse on the spear
And Menelaus' sufferings.

AGAMEMNON.

Others first,
Are they ordain'd to ruin, having prov'd
My bane already.

IPHIGENIA.

What a length of time,
Hast thou in Aulis' haven been detain'd !

AGAMEMNON.

There is a something still, which doth prevent
My sailing hence, with the confederate host.

IPHIGENIA.

O say, where fame relates the Phrygians dwell ?

A G A M E M N O N.

Where would to Heaven that Paris, Priam's son,
Had ne'er abode.

I P H I G E N I A.

When thou thy Daughter leav'ft,
Is thine a distant voyage?

A G A M E M N O N.

Thou art bound
For the same port with thy afflicted Sire.

I P H I G E N I A.

Would it were decent for us both to sail
In the same bark!

A G A M E M N O N.

What means this strange request?
Thou too shalt sail, and have abundant cause
Nor to forget thy Father.

I P H I G E N I A.

Shall I take
This voyage with my Mother, or alone?

A G A M E M N O N.

Alone, from both thy parents torn by fate.

I P H I G E N I A.

Mean'st thou to place me in a foreign realm?

A G A M E M N O N.

No more: a bashful virgin must not learn
All these particulars.

IPHIGENIA.

My Sire, with speed
 Return from Ilion's coast, return triumphant.

AGAMEMNON.

I first must offer up a victim here.

IPHIGENIA.

But it behoves thee to consult the Priests
 Before thou enter on this sacred rite.

AGAMEMNON.

Thou too, for near the lavers thou must stand,
 Shalt know the whole.

IPHIGENIA.

Must I in choral dance,
 With my young comrades, round the altar move ?

AGAMEMNON.

Thy lot, by far more enviable than mine
 I deem, because thou understand'st not aught
 Of what we are transacting. But now enter
 These doors, and to thy virgin train appear
 The kiss thou gav'st, and that right hand, embitter
 Our parting : from thy Sire wilt thou be absent
 For a long season. O ye heaving breasts,
 Ye cheeks, and golden tresses, of what woes
 To us hath Troy and Helen been the source !
 But I can speak no more : for the swift tear,
 E'en while I yet embrace thee, from these eyes
 Forces its way. Retire into the tent.

Exit Iphigenia;

O progeny of Leda, I entreat
 Thy pardon, if false tenderness o'ercome
 My better judgment ; now I am bestowing
 Our Daughter on Achilles ; sent indeed

With happy prospects to a distant realm :
 Yet deeply the parental heart it wounds,
 When to another house the Sire consigns
 His children, nurtur'd with incessant care.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

I am not thus insensible, nor prompt
 To censure you : myself no doubt shall feel
 An equal pang, with hymeneal rites
 When from these doors I lead the virgin forth.
 But custom at this season bids me check
 My sorrows. I have merely heard the name
 Of him, to whom our daughter is affianc'd,
 But wish to learn his country and descent.

AGAMEMNON.

Beauteous Ægina, from Asopus sprung.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Say to what favour'd mortal or what God
 Was she in wedlock join'd ?

AGAMEMNON.

Imperial Jove

Compress'd the yielding maid; and was the Sire
 Of Æacus, Oenone's king. [23]

[23] This island, situated in the Saronian bay, is in Pindar Ithm. Od. 8. v. 45. and Ovid Met. L. 7. v. 472. called Oenopia : but Lycophron, most of the geographical writers, and Pindar himself in three other places, concur with Euripides in giving it the name of Oenone ; it afterwards received that of Ægina, from the Princess here mentioned, and is so called in Homer's catalogue of the Grecian ships, where its troops are included in the Argive division under the command of Diomede, which seems as if the island no longer remained subject to Peleus after he had left it, in order to establish himself in Thessaly. Strabo represents it as having undergone a variety of revolutions, and mentions the Argives among the nations by whom it was occ-

N

CLYTEMNESTRA.

What son

Inherited the realms of Æacus?

AGAMEMNON.

Peleus; and Peleus wedded Nereus' Daughter.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

To him surrendered by the God her Sire,
Or did he seize her 'gainst the will of Heaven?

AGAMEMNON.

By Jove himself th' espousals were ordain'd;
And he to whom belong'd a Father's right,
To Peleus gave the Nymph.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Where did he wed her?

Mid'st Ocean's waves?

AGAMEMNON.

On Pelion's sacred cliff
Where Chiron dwelt.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

That mount, which we are told
The Centaurs' race inhabit?

cessively inhabited. The questions here asked by Clytemnestra, which relate to the paternal ancestors of Achilles, do not strike me as shewing the inconsistency or want of memory here objected to by Barnes; as it was very possible for Clytemnestra to have heard that the Goddess Thetis, Daughter of Nereus, was the mother of Achilles, but at the same time to be an utter stranger to the whole history of his father Peleus, and the ancestors of that Monarch.

A G A M E M N O N.

There the Gods

With banquets celebrated Peleus' marriage.

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

But did his Mother Thetis, or his Sire,
Train up Achilles?

A G A M E M N O N.

[24] Chiron, aweful sage,
Led profligate examples should corrupt him.

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

Chiron was wise; and still more wise the Father,
Who for his offspring such instructor found.

A G A M E M N O N.

Such is the man whom for our Daughter's Husband
I have mark'd out.

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

No despicable choice:
But in what Grecian city doth he dwell?

A G A M E M N O N.

Beside Apidanæ in Phthia's land.

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

Will he the tender virgin thither lead?

[24] Chiron was Son of Saturn and the nymph Philira, one of the Daughters of Oceanus: the God being surprised in this amour by his Wife Rhea, transformed himself into an Horse, and fled with great precipitation; hence proceeded the mixt form of the child. See Apollonius Rhodius, L. 3. v. 1235—1245. and Virgil Geor. L. 3. v. 93. Pausanias, in the nineteenth chapter of his fifth book, writes, that Chiron after his death was found worthy of being received among the Gods.

136. IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

AGAMEMNON.

Be that the care of him who shall possess her.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

May every bliss attend them ! But what day
Have you appointed for the nuptial rite ?

AGAMEMNON.

When full-orb'd Cynthia darts propitious beams.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Have you yet slain the customary victims
[25] To her who o'er the genial couch presides ?

AGAMEMNON.

I on this very business am intent ;
It shall be done.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Will you the nuptial feast
Celebrate next ?

AGAMEMNON.

When I have offer'd up
Such victims as th' immortal Gods require.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

But where shall we the womens' banquet hold ?

AGAMEMNON.

Here at the Argive ships.

[25] " Clytemnestra means Juno, called Ζυγια, of whom
" Apollonius Rhodius in his Argonautics

" Ηγη τε Ζυγια Δρος ευρισκε. L 4. v. 96.

Juno the nuptial Goddess, Wife of Jove.

" The same expression occurs in Nonnus and Dionysius Halicarnassensis." BARNES.

CLYTEMNESTRA,

Well, if we must;

Yet may it prove auspicious.

AGAMEMNON.

Wife, thou know'st

Thy duty: to my will compliance yield.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

What means my Lord? for I am wont t' obey.

AGAMEMNON.

Myself will to the Bridegroom's arms—

CLYTEMNESTRA,

Shall aught

That might become a Mother to perform,
Be done without me?

AGAMEMNON.

'Midst the troops of Greece
Consign the Princess.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Where shall I meantime
Be station'd?

AGAMEMNON.

Go to Argos, and take care
Of our young virgin race who there remain.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Leaving my daughter? who shall bear the torch?

AGAMEMNON.

Be mine the welcome office, to illum
Her Hymenal rite.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

No ancient usage

[26] Gives sanction, and you know 'twould be un-
eemly.

AGAMEMNON.

Thee it becomes not freely to converse
With the licentious inmates of a camp.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

It well becomes a mother to dispose
Of her lov'd Daughter.

AGAMEMNON.

Neither should her Sisters
Be left alone at home.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

In their apartment,
They strictly are confin'd.

AGAMEMNON.

Obey.

[26] Without extending our researches any farther than the writings of Euripides, we find much variation in regard to the person by whom the nuptial torch was to be borne: in *Phoenissae* v. 346, and the Scholiast which I have there quoted, such office is represented as belonging to the mother of the Bridegroom. Clytemnestra here asserts that it suits her best as mother to the Bride. Such employment was unsuited to Thetis, the mother of Achille, on account of her being a Goddess: but notwithstanding what is here said of ancient custom, we find the nuptial torch borne also by men, for the messenger in the *Helen*, an attendant of Menelaus, v. 728—730, says he now renews the union of Menelaus and Helen, having formerly borne the torch at their espousals: though it is very evident that Leda, Mother to the Bride, was not then dead; as that very Tragedy, v. 135, and 201, mentions her being supposed to have put an end to her own life, through grief at her Daughter's flight with Paris.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Foreend,
Saturnia Queen of Argos. Go, bear rule
 Abroad ; domestic empire shall be mine.
 I will conduct my Daughter's bridal pomp.

Exit Clytemnestra.

AGAMEMNON.

Alas ! in vain I came ; now all my hopes
 Are frustrated. I would have sent my wife
 Far out of sight. Fallacious I devise
 Schemes to impose upon my dearest friends,
 And am in every artifice defeated.
 But now with Calchas, holy Seer, I go
 To search into the curse impos'd on Greece,
 Tho' grateful to Diana, yet to me
 Most inauspicious. Every wise man ought
 To cherish a complying virtuous dame,
 Beneath the nuptial roof, or live unwedded.

Exit Agamemnon.

CHORUS.

ODE.

I.

Where Simois' limpid current glides,
 The fleet of Greece shall spread war's loud alarms,
 Fraught with brave chiefs, and with victorious arms :
 Phœbus in vain o'er Ilion's walls presides.
 Where fam'd Cassandra, frantic thro' despair,
 Adorning her dishevel'd hair
 With a verdant laurel wreath,
 In strains prophetic, am I told,
 Doth dark futurity's events unfold,
 As o'er her soul the powers of inspiration breathe.

II.

Each Phrygian youth shall take his stand,
On turrets which o'erlook th' embattled field,
Borne o'er the deep; when Mars with brazen shield
In barks whose prows menace the hostile strand,
As he draws near to their devoted shore,

Shall brandish oft the dashing oar,
Resolv'd from Priam's realms to bear
That sister to the sons of Jove,
That Helen, who betray'd her plighted love,
Hence Grecian chiefs the targe and vengeful lance
prepare.

III.

The rampir'd fortresses of Troy,
Environing with ruthless joy,
Shall war's stern God, wide o'er the plain.
[27] Display the sever'd heads of heroes slain :

[27] This inhuman custom of cutting off the heads of slain enemies in order to bear them on spears as trophies, is frequently mentioned both by the antient Poets and Historians. In Virgil, when the detachment which had been commanded by Volscens joins the rest of the Latian forces in their attack on the Trojan camp, they march up to the trenches with loud shouts, displaying the heads of Nilus and Euryalus: and in Nonnus' Dionysiaca, the God Bacchus drawing up his forces previous to their engagement with the Indians, orders the heads of the foes they had slain to be brought forth and planted on the summit of impious Tinolus, as omens of victory,

Δυσμενεύει δε καρνα κομισατε συμβέλα μηνες
Τριαλον ε; πεμποντα πεπαγμενα μαζευτε θορυβο.

L. 27. p. 272.

Ed. Lubini.

La Cerdà, in his note on the former of these passages, has collected a multitude of other instances, which it would be superfluous to recite. For the substitution of *τριαλον*, instead of *πολις* in the next line, we are indebted to Barnes, who is followed by Reiskeus, Mr. Markland and Dr. Mulgrave: Euripides is supposed to refer to the former destruction of Troy by Hercules.

Again that city levell'd with the ground
 The virgin choir shall wail around,
 Old Priam's Queen shed deluges of tears,
 And Helen grieve for having left her lord.
 Ne'er may the joys of me and of my race
 Be blasted by such fears
 As shall the pallid face
 Of Lydia's wealthy dames o'erspread,
 Who with the Phrygian matrons in accord
 Shall utter o'er their looms this lay ;
 " From the wretched captive's head,
 " Who comes to shear my braided locks away ;
 " While I bewail in plaintive strains
 " The ruin that o'erwhelms my native plains,
 " Thro' her who from that bird did spring,
 " Graceful with towering neck, if fame
 " A true report convey,
 " That Jove transform'd became
 " A Swan, upborn on sounding wing
 " When Leda yielded to his flame ?
 " Or haply the fantastic Muse,
 " From whence these amorous tales began,
 " Such shameful legend forg'd, with impious views
 " T' impose on the credulity of man."

ACHILLES, CHORUS.

ACHILLES.

Where is the leader of the Grecian host
 What servant will relate, that here in quest
 Of him, Achilles, Peleus' son, attends
 Before the gates ? For in Euripus' gulph
 On terms unequal is the fleet detain'd ;
 Some of our countrymen unwedded leave
 A solitary mansion, on these shores
 To sit inactive ; others having wives

[28] Who yet are childless ; not without the will
 Of Heaven, the Greeks have with such zeal equipp'd
 This armament. To speak what justice prompts
 With firmness, is my province : for themselves
 Let others their peculiar wants express.
 I from the regions of Pharsalia come,
 From Peleus' house, and on Euripus' banks
 Waiting for a propitious breeze, restrain
 The Myrmidons, who with incessant plaints
 Assail me ; “ O Achilles, on these coasts
 “ Why loiter ?” and “ How long ere thou direct
 “ Thy sails for Troy ? Or instantly attempt
 “ Some martial feat, or lead thy squadrons home,
 “ Nor stay for Atreus' dilatory sons ?”

[28] Here the printed text seems by no means to stand in
 need of Dr. Musgrave's proster'd assistance : nor can there be any
 room to doubt that the circumstance of men newly married, leav-
 ing their Wives by whom they had not yet any children, is
 mentioned as an instance of their extraordinary zeal for the cause
 of their country. Thus, Iphidamas, son of Antenor, is recorded
 by Homer in the most honorable terms for leaving his Bride in
 Thrace, and returning home immediately, on hearing, at the very
 time of his marriage, that the Greeks had invaded Troy ; on his
 being slain by Agamemnon, the Poet thus celebrates his death :

Ως ο μεν αυθι Πισσων Κοιμησαλο χαλκεον υπνον
 Οιλέος, απο πενηντος αλοχε ασωσιν αρηνων,
 Κεριδων ης εις χαριν ιδε. Il. L. 11. v. 241.

Which is thus beautifully paraphrased by Pope ;
 “ Strech'd in the dust th' unhappy warrior lies,
 “ And sleep eternal seals his swimming eyes.
 “ Oh worthy better fate ! Oh early slain !
 “ Thy country's friend and virtuous, tho' in vain !
 “ No more the youth shall join his Confort's side,
 “ At once a Virgin, and at once a Bride !”

It is well known from Deuteronomy, Chap. 24. v. 5. which we
 find farther illustrated by Selden, in his Uxor Heb. L. 3. c. 3.
 that the Jewish laws exempted a man from all employments,
 both military and civil, for one year after his marriage.

CLYTEMNESTRA, ACHILLES, CHORUS.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Son of that Goddess who derives her birth
 From Nereus; hearing, as within I sat,
 Your voice, from my apartment I come forth.

ACHILLES.

O sacred modesty! what female form
 Endued with every captivating grace
 Do I behold?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

No wonder if you know not
 Me, whom till now your eyes have never seen:
 But I commend the reverence you express
 For modesty...

ACHILLES.

Inform me, who art thou?
 Or why to the assembled host of Greece
 Dost thou a woman come, and mix with troops
 Array'd in glittering mail?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

I am the Daughter
 Of Leda, Clytemnestra is my name,
 My Husband, Agamemnon, mighty king.

ACHILLES.

All that was needful, well hast thou express'd,
 And with a due conciseness: yet in me
 Unseemly 'twere to parly with a woman.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Strange! wherefore do you fly? with mine unite
 Your hand, blest omen of the future nuptials.

A C H I L L E S.

What mean'st thou? Join our hands! I fear the
Of Agamemnon, with unlicenc'd touch [wrath
Should I profane his Queen.

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

'Tis sure allow'd a
Because, O son of the immortal Thetis,
My Daughter you so speedily shall wed.

A C H I L L E S.

Of what espousals talk'st thou? with surprise
All stupified I stand. Thy reason sure
Must wander, when this tale thou could'st devise.

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

How natural at the sight of our new kindred,
To feel confusion when they mention marriage

A C H I L L E S.

I never sought thy Daughter for my Bride,
Nor yet by either of the sons of Atreus
To me was such alliance e'er propos'd.

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

What can this mean? while you with wonder start
At what I say; your words in me create
The same amazement.

A C H I L L E S.

Thy conjectures form;
Our own conjectures we may both indulge:
For both of us, perhaps, have spoken nought
But what is truth.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

A most atrocious insult
 I have endur'd; have been employ'd it seems
 Thus to propose a mere ideal match,
 That ne'er was meant to take effect: this shames me.

ACHILLES.

Some one hath surely sported with us both:
 But scorn th' imposture, let it not disturb thee.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Farewell: for I with stedfast eyes can view
 Your face no longer; I am now become
 A liar, and have suffer'd grievous wrongs.

ACHILLES.

Accept the same farewell: for I in quest
 Of Agamemnon these abodes will enter.

ATTENDANT, ACHILLES, CLYTEMNESTRA, CHORUS.

ATTENDANT.

Grandson of Æacus, O stranger, stay,
 Son of the Goddess, thee I call, and you
 Daughter of Leda.

ACHILLES.

Ha! who opes the doors
 And in what wild confusion doth he call me!

ATTENDANT.

A servant unpresuming: to my station
 My temper is adapted.

O

A C H I L L E S.

Say to whom
 Dost thou belong ; for thou art none of mine,
 And I have no connection with the house
 Of Agamemnon.

A T T E N D A N T.

[29] To her family
 Before she wedded : with her, as a gift,
 Her father, Tyndarus, sent me.

A C H I L L E S.

Here I wait :
 If thou need aught, speak wherefore thou detain'st me.

A T T E N D A N T.

[30] But are ye two before the gates alone ?

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

Thou may'st communicate thy thoughts as freely
 As if we were alone : but come thou forth
 From this thy royal master's tent.

[29] As it appears that the Manuscripts vary, I take the middle course between the τύρδε ταν of Aldus and Barnes, and the τηρδε της of Mr. Markland and Dr. Musgrave, by reading τηρδε ταν, and make use of the interpretation given by Reiskeus of *τηρποίθεν οἰκών*, by which he understands the ancient family of Clytemnestra or Tyndarus at Sparta.

[30] A variety of situations occur in the ancient drama, such as occasioned Commentators to remind us of the great extent of the Athenian stage, to which our modern theatres bear no proportion, and of those divisions in it which might conceal from sight the performers stationed in a remote part: the reader also must have remarked that at the time of the entrance of this Messenger or Attendant (who, as Mr. Markland observes, is evidently the same person with whom Agamemnon converses in the first scene of this Tragedy, though most editors there call him *τηρποίθεν* and here *Ιστατεύ*) Achilles and Clytemnestra were both retiring, and stood close to the door at a considerable distance from the Chorus, who bore no part in the preceding dialogue.

A T T E N D A N T.

O Fortune,

With my precaution join'd, extend your influence
O'er those I wish to save.

A C H I L L E S.

Thou must explain

Thy speech hereafter: these are words of weight.

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

In bending suppliant-like to touch my hand,
If thou hast aught of moment to disclose,
Wake not thy tyme.

A T T E N D A N T.

Know ye not who I am,
And the attachment I have ever borne
To you, and to your children?

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

Well I know
Thou in my house hast been a servant long.

A T T E N D A N T.

And that, as an appendage to your dower,
The royal Agamemnon erst receiv'd me?

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

Thou cam'st to Argos in my train, and mine
Hast ever been.

A T T E N D A N T.

E'en thus: and hence more strongly
To you, than to your Lord, am I attach'd.

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

Thy business, now at length, to us unfold.

O 2

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A T T E N D A N T.

The merciless resolve her Sire hath form'd
Is this—to slay your Daughter.

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

Horrid tale !

Old man, what mean'st thou ? thou art frantic, sure.

A T T E N D A N T.

Smiting the hapless Virgin's snowy neck
With his drawn sword.

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

Ah, wretched, wretched me !
Hath my Lord lost his reason ?

A T T E N D A N T.

He still thinks
Aright, except in what relates to you
And to your Daughter : here his judgment fails.

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

Say, thro' what cause, what Fiend misleads the King ?

A T T E N D A N T.

An oracle which Calchas hath pronounced'd,
That the confederate armament may sail.

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

Sail whither ? wretched me ! and O most wretched
She, whom her Father hath resolv'd to slay !

A T T E N D A N T.

To the Dardanian realm ; that Menelaus
His Confort may recover.

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

Is the blood
Of Iphigenia then the price of Helen ?

A T T E N D A N T.

You comprehend the whole : her ruthless Sire
Will to Diana sacrifice the maid.

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

With what intent those nuptials did he feign,
By which he drew me hither ?

A T T E N D A N T.

That with joy
You might conduct her as the destin'd Bride
Of great Achilles.

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

Thou, my Daughter, com'st
To perish, thou and thy unhappy Mother.

A T T E N D A N T.

Most piteous wrongs, alas ! ye both endure,
And Agamemnon's purposes are dreadful.

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

I am undone : no longer can these eyes
Withhold th' involuntary tear from streaming.

A T T E N D A N T.

If e'er in bitterness of soul we weep,
'Tis for our Childrens' loss.

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

But whence, old man,
Dost thou assert that thou these tidings heard'st ?

A T T E N D A N T.

I, with a second letter was dispatch'd.

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

To countermand, or to enforce those orders
That I should bring my Daughter to be slain ?

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A T T E N D A N T.

To countermand : your Lord was then inspir'd
With better thoughts.

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

But why, since thou didst bear
Such letter, not deliver it to me ?

A T T E N D A N T.

'Twas Menelaus, the detested cause
Of all these ills, who tore it from my hands.

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

Brave youth, from Peleus and the Nereid sprung,
Hear you this tale ?

A C H I L L E S.

Thy wretchedness I hear,
Nor th' insults shewn to me can pass unnoticed.

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

They mean to take my Daughter's life away,
By the pretence of wedding her to you
Beguiling us.

A C H I L L E S.

Against thy Lord revolts
My soul, nor will I tamely brook this wrong.

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

I blush not at those knees to fall ; a mortal,
To you who from a Goddess spring, I sue.
Why should I still maintain an empty pride,
Or strive with greater earnestness for ought
Than the deliverance of my dearest child ?
Offspring of Thetis, succour my distress,
Succour a Virgin nam'd, tho' falsely nam'd,
Your Bride ; yet I with flowers adorn'd her brow,
And fancied that I led her to your arms ;
But now I to the bloody altar lead.

On you disgrace will light, if you neglect
 To aid her. Ye indeed in wedlock's bands
 Were never join'd, yet was you call'd the Husband
 Of this unhappy maid. O by that beard,
 By that right arm, and your immortal Mother,
 Since I am ruin'd thro' your name, / assert
 The honour of that name. I have no shrine
 Except your knees to fly to, not a friend
 To cheer me. You have heard the cruel scheme,
 Th' audacious treachery, fram'd in evil hour
 By Agamemnon: here, you see, I come,
 'Midst lawless mariners in mischief bold,
 But able too, if willing, to assert
 The cause of the opprest'd; a feeble woman.
 Extend your guardian arm, and I am sav'd,
 Else ruin waits me.

C H O R U S.

Of parental love

Great is the power, and like a magic philtre:
 Inspir'd by nature each fond Mother toils
 To save her offspring.

A C H I L L E S.

My indignant soul
 Is fir'd by such affronts: tho' no man knows
 Both how to bear affliction and success
 With greater moderation.

C H O R U S.

Truly wise

Are they who persevere thro' every stage
 Of life beneath unbiass'd reason's guidance.

A C H I L L E S.

There is a time when we should lay aside
 Each warier thought: but other seasons claim
 Our utmost prudence. From that virtuous man,
 Chiron, by whom my infancy was nurtur'd,

Simplicity of manners I acquir'd.
 If their commands are just, I will obey
 The Sons Atreus; when unjust, refuse
 Each base concession: with a liberal spirit
 So will I act both here, and when at Troy,
 As shall do honour to the god I serve
 Mars the invincible. But as for thee,
 Whose sufferings from unnatural friends arise,
 All the protection that a youth can give
 To thee, by pity mov'd will I extend;
 Nor shall the ruthless Father ever slay
 Thy Daughter who was styl'd my Bride, nor cloak
 Such treachery with the sanction of Achilles.
 For tho' I wielded not the murderous blade,
 My name would be th' assassin: yet thy Lord
 Is the true cause. No longer from the stain
 Of shedding guiltless blood should I be pure,
 If, for my sake, and on a vile pretence
 Of wedding her to me, this Maid should perish.
 While Menelaus is esteem'd a man,
 Shall I be far beneath the meanest Greek,
 A thing of nought, begotten by some Fiend,
 Not Peleus' son, if in my name thy Lord
 The Virgin slay. By Nereus, who resides
 Beneath the briny deep, the Sire of Thetis
 Who bore me, ne'er shall Agamemnon touch
 Thy Daughter, nor pollute her spotless veil.
 Plac'd on the limits of Barbarian realms
 Sooner shall Sipylus, whence yon proud Chiefs
 Derive their origin, become illustrious,
 And martial Phthia have no more a name.
 Calchas, that Seer, in bitterness of soul
 Shall carry back again his salted cates
 And lavers. For what species of a man
 Is he who acts the prophet? some few truths,
 With many falsehoods mingled, he deals forth
 When fortune aids him: but if she oppose,

His vaunted science is for ever lost.
 How many nymphs in wedlock vie to gain
 My plighted hand ! no empty boasts are these.
 But Agamemnon, haughty King, with scorn
 Hath treated me, he ought to have applied
 For my permission, ere he us'd my name
 His Daughter to ensnare. For to my arms,
 With joy, would Clytemnestra have consign'd,
 And I to all the Greeks surrender'd up,
 The maid ; if hence our voyage to the shores
 Of Troy had been obstructed, nor refus'd
 The weal of my brave comrades to promote.
 But now by those two Generals am I deem'd
 A thing of no account, which as they list
 They may respect or slight. My last appeal
 Is to this sword, which ere on Phrygia's coast
 We land, with crimson slaughter will I stain,
 If any one presume with ruffian hand
 To force thy Daughter from me. Be appeas'd ;
 Thou [31] view'st me like a tutelary God ;
 I am not yet entitled to that name,
 But trust I shall be.

[31] Commentators are frequently most decisive in their language, when they have no firm ground to stand upon. Mr. Markland, after having pronounced that this passage, as it stande in all preceding editions, is *extremely absurd*, ("fultissima") through a determination to give no offence to any one, has suffered the text to remain, but altered the Latin version, and placed in a note his own reading, which comes apparently unsupported by any authority either printed or manuscript, *μεγίστας οὐ γενναίος ἀλλ' οὐδεὶς γεννοῖται*, maximum est discrimen : sed tamen fieri. In a subsequent speech of Achilles, v. 1003, we meet with *εμοὶ εὐτὸς μελισθος*, which probably gave rise to this mutilation of an animated passage, in order to make the Hero say the same thing twice over at the distance of scarce thirty lines. Dr. Musgrave does not adopt Mr. Markland's conjecture, but proposes altering *αλλ' οὐδεὶς* into *αλλος οὐ*, and on this innovation, which

CHORUS.

This heroic language,
 O son of Peleus, well becomes thyself
 And thy great sea-born Mother.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

In what terms,
 What well-proportion'd terms, shall I express
 My gratitude, your favour not to forfeit?
 For when encomiums on the good are shower'd,
 They feel a kind of hatred to the man
 Who, in the praises he confers, exceeds
 The bounds of truth. I blush that I have nought
 With which your generous friendship to repay
 But lamentations, by my private woes
 Wholly absorb'd: you never have endur'd
 Distress like mine. Yet in a stranger's cause
 The virtuous man extends his arm, and lifts
 Afflictions from the dust. On me bestow
 Your pity, for the woes I have endur'd
 Challenge compassion. Thinking to obtain
 In you a Son in law, I cherish'd hopes
 That were ill-grounded. Iphigenia's death
 Perhaps may prove an omen to destroy
 Your bliss in future nuptials: such a curse
 On you is it incumbent to avert.
 With nobly proffer'd aid began the speech
 Which you as nobly ended: persevere,
 And you will save my Daughter. To your knees,
 Shall she a suppliant cling? 'twould ill beseem

he barely starts as *baud ineptum*, grounds his Latin version *cura non aliis sim quam quod ero*. Amidst this difference of opinion, I can by no means hesitate in preferring the vulgar text as by far more worthy of Euripides, and more expressive of the nihil non proget armis of Achilles' character, than either of the suggested alterations.

A tender virgin : yet, if you require,
 She shall come forth, but come with downcast eyes,
 And shame ingenuous. Or shall I obtain
 From you, tho' she appear not, this request ?

A C H I L L E S.

Let her remain at home : a bashful maid
 The dictates of her modesty obeys.

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

Yet must we not extend e'en virtuous shame
 Beyond all bounds, where shame can nought avail.

A C H I L L E S.

Bring not thy Daughter, lest reproach attend
 Our inconsiderate meeting : for the host,
 Idle and free from occupation, love
 Tales of accurst malevolence to spread.
 The same my zeal, whether ye come as suppliants,
 Or wave your suit : for on a mighty conflict
 Am I resolv'd to snatch you from your woes.
 Of one thing be assur'd, I ne'er will utter
 A falsehood. When I raise thy groundless hopes,
 May instant death o'ertake me. May I live
 But on these terms, if I the Virgin save.

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

Heaven prosper each attempt, while you continue
 To be the firm protector of the wretched.

A C H I L L E S.

Attend to what I urge, that as we ought
 We may conduct the plan.

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

What's this you mean
 That now demands attention ?

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A CHILLEs.

Yet again
Let us exhort her Sire to think more wisely.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

He like a coward fears th' assembled troops.

A CHILLEs.

Fresh motives o'er those motives may prevail.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Cold are my hopes : fay, how shall I proceed ?

A CHILLEs.

Entreat him first, his Daughter not to slay :
If he deny thy suit, to me repair :
But if thou by persuasive words canst gain
His stubborn soul ; for me to interfere
Would in that case be needless : she will owe
To thee alone her safety, and my friendship
With Agamemnon will remain entire :
Nor, by the host, if I with reason's aid,
Rather than open violence, prevail,
Shall I be blam'd. Thy wishes thus obtain'd,
Both to thy friends and thee, 'twill be more glorious
To have succeeded, tho' in your behalf
I interpos'd not.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Wisely have you spoken :
I'll follow your advice : but if I fail
In my attempt, where shall we meet again ?
Wretch that I am, ah, whither shall I go
To have recourse to your victorious arm,
My safeguard in distress ?

A CHILLEs.

I will attend

Ready to guard thee in the hour of need :
But O beware, lest thou with terror smitten

Be seen to wander thro' the camp, and shame
 Thy ancestors: for Tyndarus' race, rever'd
 By every Greek, no obloquy deserves.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Then be it so: lead on; I will obey
 Your mandates. Sure, if any Gods exist,
 Such virtue will most amply be rewarded:
 If there be none, our arduous toils are vain.

Exeunt Achilles and Clytemnestra.

C H O R U S.

O D E.

I.

What rapturous accents breath'd around,
 When Hymen midst th' enchanting strain
 Advancing with his choral train,
 Bade Libya's flute, the harp, the pipe resound!
 Then up the ridge of Pelion's craggy mount,
 Distinguish'd by their streaming hair,
 Came the bright Nymphs who haunt Pieria's fount,
 The banquet of the Gods to share;
 Oft their swift feet in airy bound
 With golden sandals smote the ground,
 At Peleus' nuptial rite they sung,
 On hills where Centaurs fierce reside,
 The charms of Thetis, of th' immortal Bride,
 And for the son of Æacus was strung
 Each sounding lyre in Pelion's grove.
 From Dardanus' fam'd line, the Boy
 (Minion of cloud-compelling Jove)
 Descended, Ganymede the pride of Troy,
 With nectar fill'd the goblet high.

P

In circling dance, an agile band,
While Nereus' fifty Daughters on the strand
Grac'd Hymen's blest solemnity.

II.

Each Centaur snatch'd a sapling pine,
Around his hardy front was plac'd
The grassy wreath, he rush'd to taste
The feasts of Heaven, and Bacchus' rosy wine.
"Daughter of Nereus, hail! a light I view."
The Nymphs of Thessaly exclaim'd.
Phœbus the tuneful Seer, and he who knew
[32] The muses' mystic lore, far fam'd

[32] *Musar yannous*, rendered by Barnes *Musarum generationes*, here I apprehend signifies *genealogias a Musis decantatas*, that is to say, "the poetic annals or genealogies of Gods and Heroes." Erasmus renders it *mystica sacra fororum Castalianum*. Mr. Markland, Mr. Tyrwhitt, and Dr. Musgrave, concur in looking upon *yannous* as a verb instead of a substantive, Dorice pro *yannous*; the first renders it *paries virum*, and the last creabis, and they interpret *λαμπάζει* *clares dixit*, or *estatu*: these versions seem peculiarly harsh: but the proposal of Mr. Markland, in which I observe he stands single, to alter *Musar* into *Masar*, alleging that the Muses themselves are the speakers, and making them *relate* the prophecies of Apollo and Chiron, is liable to much stronger objections, as Apollo could not with any propriety be excluded from this harmonious banquet of the Gods, even though Juno had not expressly reminded him in *Homer* that he was one of the guests.

Παύλος δὲ αἰκατοθε Θεος γάμῳ· εἰ δὲ σὲ ταῦτα

Δαιτο εχου Φερμιγγκα. II. I. xxiv. v. 62.

And in regard to Chiron, it has already been mentioned by Agamemnon in this Tragedy, that he was the friend of Peleus, and dwelt on this mountain; which renders it almost needless to cite Apollodorus, who informs us that he presented Peleus at his nuptials with the famous spear which his Son Achilles afterwards brought to the siege of Troy, in order to prove that he was one of the Centaurs who attended the festivity. It seems

For virtue, Chiron sage foretold
 By name, the chief in combats bold
 Who his Myrmidons shall lead
 Into the wealthy realms of Troy,
 And Priam's dome with vengeful flames destroy :
 Thus have the Fates supreme behests decreed.

To him, impenetrable arms,
 By Vulcan forg'd, of massive gold,
 His Mother, 'midst War's dire alarms
 Shall bring, her happy offspring to infold.
 Then did the whole immortal Choir,
 With tuneful accents to adorn
 Great Pelous' and the Nereid's bridal morn,
 Accompany the festive lyre.

III.

But deck'd with garlands braided round thy head,
 Thou, Iphigenia, shalt be led
 By Grecian priests ; and as the heifer, torn
 From rocky caves, reluctant meets the blow,
 Thy crimson gore shall flow :
 Nor pipe, nor shepherd's dog at early morn
 Awak'd thee, nurtur'd on the plain :
 But thro' maternal care with bridal pomp attir'd,
 A Bride by each Inachian Chief desir'd,
 Thou hither bring'st thy weeping train.
 How shall the modest blushes o'er that face
 Diffus'd, or in this fatal hour

much more consonant both to poetry and probability, that Chiron should expatiate on the achievements of his future pupil Achilles, than that the Muses should continue to speak, as they do in Mr. Markland's Latin version, and quote the prophesies of Apollo and Chiron, when it is clear that they were both present, and formed part of the guests assembled on mount Pelion. I therefore follow the example of the Aldus edition, in placing after the word *per* a full stop.

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Thy virtues aught avail,
While impious men engross all power ;
If thus neglected, honour fail,
And violence o'er law prevail ?

Hence, general danger threatens the human race,
Lest the vindictive Gods a sinful world affai.

CLYTEMNESTRA, CHORUS.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

I from these doors come forth to seek my Lord,
Who hence hath long been absent. My poor Daughter
Sheds the big tear, and pours forth many groans
Expressive of her anguish, since she heard
She by her cruel fire is doom'd to bleed,
By Agamemnon : he whom I have mention'd
Draws near, and on his own unhappy Child
Ere long will execute this deed of horror.

AGAMEMNON, CLYTEMNESTRA, CHORUS.

AGAMEMNON.

Daughter of Leda, at a lucky season,
I find thee here without, that I may speak
Apart from Iphigenia, on those subjects
Which in the presence of a timid Bride
Cannot be nam'd with decency.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

What business
Doth this occasion to my Lord suggest ?

AGAMEMNON.

From her apartment let my Daughter go
Accompanied by none except her fire :

The holy lavers with the salted cakes,
Which we must scatter in the lustral flame,
And heifers, that to Dian must be slain,
As victims, ere the nuptial rites commence,
Tinging her altar with their crimson gore,
Are ready.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Tho' in courteous terms you speak,
I cannot name your actions with applause.
Come forth, my Daughter, for full well thou know'st
Thy Sire's designs; wrapt in thy flowing robe,
Thy Brother young Orestes hither bring.
Obedient to your summons, lo she comes!
Both in her cause and mine I now shall plead.

IPHIGENIA, AGAMEMNON, CLYTEMNESTRA, CHORUS.

AGAMEMNON.

Why weep'st thou, O my Daughter, whence proceeds
That alter'd look? what mean those downcast eyes,
Fix'd on the ground, and cover'd with a veil?

IPHIGENIA.

Ah, how the doleful history of my woes
Shall I begin? they all at once seem present,
Nor know I in what order to arrange them,
Which first, which last to name.

AGAMEMNON.

Why do ye form
One plaintive group, expressing in each face
Confusion and dismay?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

My Lord, reply
With an ingenuous freedom to my questions.

AGAMEMNON.

No counsel on this subject can I need ;
I wish to hear them,

CLOTAIRE BIMBESSE.

Are you bent on slaying
Our Daughter?

AGAMEMNON.

Ha, what horrid words are these !
Thou ought'st not to suspect that I e'er form'd
Such project. Peace.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

To my enquiries give
A more explicit answer.

AGAMEMNON.

Had thy questions
Been proper, I had answer'd as I ought.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

To this one point I fix them ; nought beside
Is there for you to speak of.

AGAMEMNON.

Awful fortune,
Ye Destinies, and O my evil genius !

CLYTEMNESTRA.

On me, on her, on you, one Demon hurls
This triple wrath.

AGAMEMNON.

In what respect hast thou
Been injur'd ?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

How can you presume to ask ?
This shallow artifice betrays the fool.

AGAMEMNON.

I am undone, my secrets are disclos'd.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Full well I know them all, and am apprised
Of the designs which you 'gainst me have fram'd:
That silence, and those oft repeated groans,
Amount to a confession; spare yourself: I do not
The labour of a frivolous reply;

AGAMEMNON.

Lo I am myste. I to my woes should add,
The want of virtuous shame, were I to utter
Pre-meditated falsehoods.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Now give ear
To me; for I will act an open part,
Nor riddles, foreign to my purpose use.
First with this just reproach I brand your name,
By force you seiz'd me a reluctant Bride,
Slew Tantalus, my former Lord, and dash'd
Our infant child, whom from my breast you tore,
Against the pavement, Jove's illustrious Sons
My Brothers, on their milk-white coursers borne,
Wag'd war against you; but my aged Sire,
Tyndarus, when vanquish'd at his knees you bow'd
A suppliant, set you free, and join'd our hands
Again in wedlock: reconcil'd to you
And to your house, yourself can bear me witness,
That from that time, still blameless and still chaste[33],

[33] "Clytemnestra had no pretensions afterwards to boast
thus of her fidelity. These reproaches shew that she perhaps

I have improv'd your fortunes, that at home
 You might rejoice, and oft as you went forth
 From your own mansions, with success be crown'd.
 Few are the men so blest as to obtain
 Such Consorts ; to the lot of many fall
 They who are worthless. I moreover bore
 To you three lovely Daughters and this Son ;
 Yet me you will inhumanly bereave
 Of one dearschild. Should any one enquire
 The cause for which you take her life away,
 What plausible excuse can you allege ?
 Or shall I utter what you dare not speak ?
 " That Menelaus may recover Helen." .
 Glorious exchange ! our children as the price
 Of her redemption, for that wicked woman
 If we should barter, and thus purchase back
 Those we abhor, upon such fatal terms
 To those we hold most dear. But leading forth
 The troops, if me you leave forlorn at home,
 And on the coasts of Ilion long remain ;
 Think you what agonizing pangs will rend
 This heart, when I her vacant chair behold,
 Her chamber uninhabited ? alone
 Shall I sit weeping, and in strains like these
 Bewail her fate ; " My Daughter, thy own Sire
 " Hath slain thee, he, alas ! and none but he,
 " Nor by another hand. Such is the gift
 " He to our house departing leaves behind."
 But little more pretext there needs to urge
 Me, and the rest of my unhappy Daughters,
 To give you the reception you deserve.
 I by the Gods conjure you then, forbear,
 Either to wrong, or force me to retaliate.

" already repented of it. Her love for Ægisthus, and the murder of Agamemnon, afterwards avenged the crimes with which she has here been charging her unhappy Husband." BATMOS.

[34] Well, be it so : the virgin you resolve
 To sacrifice : but after such a deed
 How can you pray to Heaven, what blessings crave
 When you have slain your child? thus basely launch-
 The bark for Troy, expect you to return [ing
 Without disgrace? But were it just in me
 To offer up my vows for your success?
 If we our antient kindness still retain
 For murderers, must we not infer the Gods
 Want reason? But when you return to Argos
 Will you embrace your children? No, you must not.
 For who of all the race will bear to see you,
 If one of them deliberately you slay?
 To this important question now I come;
 If your sole object be to wield a sceptre,
 And lead forth troops to battle, in these words
 The squadrons you with justice might address;
 " Is it your wish, O Greeks, to sail for Troy?
 " By lot decide whose Daughter shall be slain."
 The hazard then were equal: but not thus
 When as a chosen victim for all Greece,
 Your Daughter you bestow. Or, to redeem
 Her mother, Menelaus should have slain
 Hermione, since this was her affair.
 But now must I, who have preserv'd your bed
 Invio'ate, be sabb'd of my lov'd Daughter,
 While she who hath transgres'd shall train up hers [35]
 In Sparta, and become a happy Dame.
 Confute me, if in aught I speak amiss,

[34] " These lines are extremely animated, full of spirit, indignation, and just reasoning, and worthy of the most heroic of the Daughters of Tyndarus: they may be reckoned among the principal passages of Euripides in this species of writing." MARKLAND.

[35] The old editions have *υτοτέρον*; but *υτότερον* is, according to Mr. Markland and Dr. Maugrave, the reading of three manuscripts.

But if I speak aright, our Daughter slay not,
And you will act a prudent virtuous part.

C H O R A

Yield, Agamemnon : to preserve our children
Is laudable, this all mankind allows.

I P H I G E N I A. V. 149.

Had I a voice of Orpheus, O my Sire,
Could I by magic incantations move
The stones to follow me, and with soft words
Sooth every hearer, I would have recourse
To arts thus powerful; but must now make use
Of all the eloquence I have, these tears.
Here round thy knees a humble suppliant clings
Thy Daughter, for her sake who brought me forth,
Consign me not to an untimely death;
For sweet it is to look upon the sun:
Earth's nether regions force me not to view.
Thee by the name of Sire I first did hail,
Me didst thou first call Daughter: on thy knees
First did I hang, afford, and in my torn
From thee endearments numberless receive.
These were the words thou said'st; "Thee, O my
" At a maturer age shall I behold, {Child,
" Adorn the mansions of a happy Lord;
" Plac'd in such station as my rank deserves?"
While oft that chin (which now with trembling-hands
I touch) embracing; thus have I reply'd;
" In thy decline of life shall I receive
" Thee, O my aged Sire, with filial zeal
" Opening my mansion's hospitable gates,
" These cares to recompence, with which thou erst
" Didst nurture me?" My memory still retains
Each fond expression we both utter'd then;
But thou, forgetting all that pass'd, wouldst slay
Thy Daughter, Thee by Pelops I conjure,
By Atreus too thy Father, and by her

Who bore me erst, who now again endures
 Pangs that exceed the pregnant mother's throes,
 To spare my life. For what have I to do
 With the espousals, the adulterous loves
 Of Paris and of Helen? O my Sire,
 To vindicate my doom, why introduce
 Their foul offence? at least one gracious look,
 One parting kiss bestow, that ere I die,
 If my words fail to move thee, I may gain
 These slight memorials of paternal love.
 My Brother, tho' small succour to thy friends
 Thou canst afford, yet by thy tears entreat
 Thy Father, that thy Sister may not die.
 There is a certain sense of others' woe,
 Which even infants feel. My Father, see
 His silent supplication he prefers.
 Revere my sufferings, and thro' pity spare
 My life. We two, both objects of thy love,
 Thy blcoming Daughter, and thy tender Son,
 Implore thee by that beard: I, to conclude,
 This one prevailing argument will use;
 Most grateful is it to the human race
 To view the Sun: but in yon realms beneath,
 (Such wish were utter frenzy) none would dwell.
 [36, Better, tho' on the worst of terms, is life,
 Than the most glorious death.

[36] Although these sentiments which the Chorus suffer to pass uncensured, are held by some Critics to be utterly inconsistent with the dignity of a Tragic Heroine; it is not unworthy of observation that the Achilles of Homer, both while living, in his reply to the Ambassadors sent by Agamemnon; in the ninth book of the Iliad, and after death, in what he says to Ulysses, who descends into the infernal regions, carries this idea yet farther: I will here only cite the latter of these passages, as being the most concise, and most immediately apposite to my purpose.

Βελοφεννος κ' ιπαργερος εων θυτευμενος αλλα

Αρδει παρ' ακληρω, ο μη βιοτο; πελυς εη

Η πασιν νικυσσας Καταφθιμενοσιν ανασσειν.

Odyss. L. ii. v. 488.

C H O R U S.

Unhappy Helen,
Thro' thee and thy espousals, 'twixt the sons
Of Atreus, and their race great discords rise.

A G A M E M N O N.

Both where to give compassion ample scope,
And when to check its tide full well I know.
I for my Children feel paternal love,
Else I were frantic. Tho' my wounded heart
Recoil at such oblation, to withhold
The sacrifice were impious. I must slay
My Daughter. Seest thou not this numerous fleet,
These Grecian Chiefs in glittering mail array'd?
They to the shores of Ilio cannot sail,
Or lay its turrets level with the ground,
If I refuse thee, O my dearest Child,
To offer up: thus Calchas, holy Seer,
Pronounces. With a vehement desire
Are the whole host inflam'd to launch their barks
Immediately, for that Barbarian coast,
And punish the bold miscreant who presum'd
To bear away a royal Grecian Dame:
Those virgin Daughters whom I left behind
At Argos, will they kill, nor in their rage
Spare either you or me, if thus I frustrate
Diana's oracles. Nor yet by force

Rather I chuse laboriously to bear
A weight of woes and breathe the vital air,
A slave to some poor hind that foils for bread,
That reign the scepter'd monarch of the dead. *Pope.*

This doctrine is however severely reprobated by Plato, in the third book of his Republic; and the sarcastic Lucian has founded on this very passage of Homer his 15th Dialogue of the Dead, in which he introduces Antilochus, the son of Nestor, arraigning this declaration as utterly unworthy of Peleus' son, the pupil of Chiron and Phoenix.

Hath Menelaus conquer'd, O my child,
 Nor have his subtle arguments convinc'd me :
 But Greece prevails, and thee I in the cause
 Of Greece must at the altar offer up,
 Willing or loth : for I to fate must yield.
 Us it behoves, exerting all our might,
 The freedom of our country to maintain,
 For we are Greeks, and will not tamely suffer
 Barbarian slaves to violate our beds.

Exit Agamemnon.

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

My Daughter ! O ye foreign maids !
 Soon, hapless Virgin, shall thou die,
 See thy relentless Father fly,
 And yield thee trembling to the shades.

I P H I G E N I A.

Warbling the same pathetic strain
 With you, my Mother, I complain.
 No more these closing eyes shall view
 The genial radiance of the Morn,
 The Sun his blest career renew.
 From you, alas ! I trace my woes,
 Ye mountains white with drifted snows,
 And Ida's consecrated grove,
 Where, struggling with paternal love,
 Priam expos'd the infant, torn
 From a desponding Mother's breast,
 Abandon'd on the distant heath
 To fate and unrelenting death :
 By Phrygia's wondering tribes carest,
 Hence youthful Paris did obtain
 The name of Ida's, Ida's swain.
 Ah, would to heaven th' adventurous boy
 Had ne'er been destin'd to abide,

Q

Where be the lowing herds with joy
 Did as a simple peasant tend ;
 Nor seen those limpid rills descend,
 Haynted by Nymphs, who on their side
 Oft cropp'd the rose's blushing flowers,
 And interwove with hands divine
 Their fragrant hyacinthine bowers ;
 Thither the sage Minerva came,
 Venus, and Jove's imperial Dame,
 With Hermes, whom the Gods enjoin
 The thunderer's embassies to bear ;
 (In Cythetea's wanton look,
 Love revel'd with triumphant air,
 Her pointed spear Minerva shook,
 Juno advanc'd with statelier mien
 Expressive of the scepter'd Queen)
 Their hateful contest to decide,
 The power of rival charms to try :
 I hence alas ! am doom'd to die ;
 But Greece shall with victorious pride
 Extend her streaming banners wide.

C H O R U S.

Diana claims thy sprinkled gore ;
 Hence they shall land on Ilion's shore.

I P H I G E N I A.

O Mother, how it wounds my heart,
 To see that treacherous Sire depart !
 On him, forelorn, in vain I call.
 Ah me ! this miserable fate
 From that ill-omen'd hour I date,
 When Helen sought the Phrygian strand,
 And now am I decreed to fall
 By my own Father's impious hand.
 O that these straits had not detain'd

The fleet for Ilion bound, nor Jove
 Over Euripus' gulph ordain'd
 No prosperous wind from Heaven to blow !
 On some, the favour'd few, mild gales
 Cheering their souls doth he bellow,
 And aid them to unfurl their sails ;
 But others he forbids to move,
 Compas'd with various griefs around,
 And with necessity fell train ;
 Those from the port their vessels guide,
 Weigh anchor, and the surge divide ;
 Moor'd on the coast while these remain.
 Our feeble race with toils abound,
 E'en all who draw their vital breath.
 Shall not these destin'd ills content ?
 Weak man, their number to augment
 By searching out new modes of death.

C H O R U S.

Anguish and slaughter Greece invade,
 Thro' Helen, that inconstant fair.
 I pity thee, unhappy Maid,
 And wish that thou, by fate betray'd,
 Such woes hadst ne'er been doom'd to bear.

I P H I G E N I A.

My dearest Mother, I behold a troop
 Of armed men draw near.

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

And that brave Chief,
 Sprung from the Goddess, whom thou cam'st to wed.

I P H I G E N I A.

Open the doors : I would conceal myself.

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

O Daughter, whither fliest thou ?

Q 2

IPHIGENIA.

From Achilles,
Whom modesty forbids me to behold.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Why so?

IPHIGENIA.

Our hapless nuptials make me blush.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Ill doth such bashful delicacy suit
Thy fortunes: stay, this is no time for coyness.ACHILLES, CLYTEMNESTRA, IPHIGENIA,
CHORUS.

ACHILLES.

Daughter of Leda, most unhappy dame.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Too truly have you spoken.

ACHILLES.

Midst the host
Of Argos, dreadful shouts are heard.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

What shouts?

Inform me.

ACHILLES.

By thy Daughter caus'd.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

The words

You utter are of evil augury.

A C H I L L E S.

Her as a victim loudly they demand.

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

Doch no man contradict them?

A C H I L L E S.

To some danger
I also was expos'd.

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

Say what, my friend?

A C H I L L E S.

Of being crush'd with stones.

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

While you protected
My Daughter?

A C H I L L E S.

'Twas e'en thus.

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

But who presum'd
To smite you?

A C H I L L E S.

Every Greek.

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

Did not your host
[37] Of valiant Myrmidons defend their Lord.[37] "The comrades and the soldiers of Achilles bore the
"name of Myrmidons; this people were natives of Aegina, and
"followed Peleus into Thessaly; they are said to have been

A C H I L L E S.

They were my first assailants.

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

O my Daughter,

We then must perish.

A C H I L L E S.

With one voice they cried ;
" How is the Hero in the Bridegroom lost ! "

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

What answer made you ?

A C H I L L E S.

Spare my future Wife.

C L Y T E M N E S T R A.

Just was that plea.

" transform'd from Ants, whence they derived their name,
 " into Men, at the prayers of Æacus, whose island of Ægina
 " was almost destitute of inhabitants : others deduce their name
 " from Myrmidon, the son of Jupiter. See Eustathius on
 " Homer, p. 76. l. 38., and p. 320. l. 42. ed. Romæ 1542, and
 " Ovid Met. l. vii. v. 614." BARNES.

Mugmoc is the Greek word for an Ant. Ovid's account of the depopulation of Ægina by a plague, and its being thus filled with a new race, is very diffuse : as for the Hero Myrmidon, as Eustathius calls him, no particulars of his history have occurred to me ; Apollodorus only says that the sons of him and Pisidice, one of Ætolus's Daughters were Antiphus and *Actor*. Both my editions, of Romæ 1555 and that of the Hist. Poet. Scriptores, by Gale, print the name of the latter *Aeson*, but I apprehend erroneously ; Menæceus, the father of Patroclus, being called by Homer the son *Actor*, and Bachet de Meziriac, in his excellent comment on Ovid's Epistles, having shewn that Patroclus was Great-Grandson to Myrmidon, the genealogy standing thus Myrmidon, *Actor*, Menæceus, Patroclus.

ACHILLES.

Whom by my name her Sire
Distinguish'd—

CLYTEMNESTRA.

And from Argos bade her come.

ACHILLES.

But by their clamorous shouts was I subdued.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

The Multitude are a dire pest.

ACHILLES.

In spite
Of their resentment I will aid thee still.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

How can your single arm resist an host?

ACHILLES.

Seest thou yon armed warriors?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

May success
Attend your courage!

ACHILLES.

We will yet prevail.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Shall not my Daughter for a victim bleed?

ACHILLES.

To this at least I never will consent.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Will any of them hither come to seize
The virgin?

ACHILLES.

Thousands, by Ulysses led.

176 IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

C LY T E M N E S T R A.

The son of Sisyphus?

A C H I L L E S.

E'en he.

C LY T E M N E S T R A.

Thus acting
Thro' his own zeal, or by the troops ordain'd?

A C H I L L E S.

They chuse him to an office which he sought.

C LY T E M N E S T R A.

Most execrable choice, with human gore
Thus to pollute himself.

A C H I L L E S.

But I shall curb

His ardor.

C LY T E M N E S T R A.

Will he seize and drag her hence,
Altho' reluctant?

A C H I L L E S.

By her auburn hair.

C LY T E M N E S T R A.

How then must I proceed?

A C H I L L E S.

Still firmly clasp

Thy Daughter.

C LY T E M N E S T R A.

By such means can she be sav'd?

A C H I L L E S.

[38] This, and this only, must at length decide.

[38] "The literal translation is—*But the matter will come to this*—which Achilles speaks, either laying his hand on the hilt of his sword, or casting a look on the soldiers that attended him ready armed for an engagement."

BARNES.

IPHIGENIA.

Listen to me ; O mother, I perceive
 That groundless zeal against your husband fires
 Your immortal soul : but think not to attempt
 What cannot be atchiev'd. The generous zeal
 Of this heroic stranger, claims our praise :
 Yet ought you to beware lest you excite
 The wrath of an ungovernable host,
 And by a conduct whence to us accrues
 No benefit, our kind protector cause
 To perish. But, O Mother, what resolves
 I on deliberating more calmly form
 You now shall hear. I fully am resolv'd
 [39] On death : but wish with glory to expire,

[39] Brumoy's remarks subjoined to this Tragedy in his *Théâtre des Grecs*, and the Rt. Rev. Dr. Hurd, Bishop of Worcester, in his note on "sibi constet" in Horace's *Art of Poetry*, furnish defences of Iphigenia's character from the charge of inconsistency preferred against it by Aristotle in his *Poetics*, which it is so easy for the reader to have recourse to, that instead of making any extract from them, I will lay before him much the same arguments expressed with more brevity by a Critic of the sixteenth century. "Euripides is here so far from deserving censure, that he ought rather to be extolled to the skies for his prudence : for if he had represented Iphigenia firm and intrepid, when the tidings of her being to die were first brought to her, he would by no means have observed decorum, for he would have given such an instance of valour in a maid as is hardly to be found in *Regulus*, *Codrus*, and the *Decii*. Virgins are naturally timid, and consider nothing as more bitter than death. Euripides therefore does right in representing Iphigenia as timid at first : but afterwards she prefers the weal of the Greeks to life itself. What then ? the entreaties of her Father, necessity, the preservation of her friends, and glory, all combined together, had such influence over her." Fr. Luisini, Utinensis Comm. in Hor. de Arte Poet f. 54 Ven. ap. Aldi fil. 1554. Mr. Markland, in his note, takes this matter in a different point of view, and after expatiating on the inconsistency of every character in this Tragedy, Clytemnestra alone excepted, infers that the wisest

And banish all resentment. Ponder well
 Whether I speak aright : to me all Greece
 Thro' its assembled states with eager eyes
 Looks up, on me the fleet's auspicious voyage,
 On me depends Troy's overthrow : no longer
 From happy Greece shall these Barbarians rend
 Our noblest matrons, but with blood atone
 For Helen's rape; the foul offence of Paris,
 I, from these shameful outrages, by death
 Will rescue Greece, my name in future ages
 Shall be renown'd for having sav'd my country.
 Nor must I be too much attach'd to life ;
 For as a common blessing to each Greek,
 Not to yourself alone, you gave me birth.
 With lifted shield shall Myriads rush to battle,
 Shall Myriads ply the sweeping oar, t' avenge
 Their injur'd country, act with dauntless courage
 Against the foe, and perish in the cause
 Of Greece ; while I, to save a single life,
 Them in their glorious enterprise obstruct ?
 O where were justice then ! who could reply
 To such an argument ? I now proceed
 With one of equal force ; nor shall this Chief
 For me encounter the whole Argive host,
 Nor madly perish in a woman's cause :
 For one such brave man's life is of more worth
 Than females numberless : But if Diana
 Hath claim'd me as a victim at her shrine,
 Shall I, weak mortal, thwart the will of Heaven ?

of Poets is intitl'd to our applause for having exhibited, with a mortal design, the great levity and irresoluteness of the human mind. Some years ago I recollect meeting with these objections of Aristotle revived in a book called "Elements of Criticism," written by Henry Home, Esq. Lord Kaines, one of the Lords of Session in Scotland; but the arguments of the Stagyrite did not seem, in their new form, to carry with them any additional strength.

That were impossible. I hate for Greece
 Yield myself up spontaneously : transpierce
 This breast, and lay the towers of Ilium waste.
 Such, such shall be my monuments, my children,
 My nuptial trophies, and my lasting fame.
 Greeks o'er Barbarians, ever should bear rule,
 For these are abject slaves, those free-born spirits.

C H O R U S.

Most noble is thy conduct, generous maid,
 Tho' Fortune and Diana prove thy foes.

A C U I L L E S.

Daughter of Agamemnon, were the Gods
 Inclin'd to make me happy, they would crown
 My vows with such a Consort. Greece I deem
 Happy in thee, and thee in Greece : for well
 Hast thou express'd thyself, and as becomes
 Thy country, since thou hast forborn to thwart
 The mightier will of Heaven, that bids thee bleed,
 Well weighing what exalted virtue counsels,
 And what severe necessity enjoins.
 More eagerly than ever, now I wish
 To gain thee for my Bride, now I have mark'd
 Thy generous soul, for thou art truly great.
 Yet, O reflect ! for still would I redeem,
 Would bear thee hence to Phthia, and appeal
 To my immortal Mother, to attest [me
 What grief will rend this heart, should'st thou forbid
 To save thee by encountering Greece. O think,
 How terrible is death.

I P H I G E N I A.

Without respect
 To any, I these sentiments unfold.

180. IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

Enough [40] already hath the Dame who springs
From Tyndarus, by her charms, the bloody strife
Excited. In my cause thou shalt not die,
Nor lift the slaughtering blade. If in my power,
O let me save my country.

ACHILLES.

Of thy sex

Thou most heroic, nought can I object
If such thy steadfast purpose, for thy views
Are noble. To what end suppress the truth?
But thou may'st yet repent. As an assurance
That I am ready to perform my promise;
This troop I near the altar will arrange,
Nor stand a calm spectator, but protect thee
From being slain: and haply when thou see'st
The lifted falchion, thou of my advice
Wilt then avail thyself: nor shalt thou perish
Thro' thy imprudent zeal; for I will lead
These hardy warriors to Diana's temple,
And in its precincts wait till thou arrive.

Exit Achilles.

IPHIGENIA.

Why, dearest Mother, are those eyelids moist
With silent tears?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

I have sufficient cause
To make me sorrowful.

[40] For the alteration of $\alpha\rho\chi\epsilon\tau$ excellit, into $\alpha\rho\chi\epsilon\tau$ sufficit, the reader is indebted to Hardion, the acuteness and ingenuity of whose remarks on Euripides leave every admirer of the Tragic Bard the greatest cause to regret their not being more numerous. See Acad. des Inscript. tom. vii. hist. p. 187. This correction has been adopted by Reiskeus, Heath, Markland, and Musgrave.

IPHIGENIA.

CLYTEMNESTRA. Yet, ah! desist! Nor thus intimidate me, rather yield To my request.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Say what request thou mean'st? Thee, O my child, I never will offend.

IPHIGENIA.

Cut not the flowing ringlets of your hair, Nor put on sable robes.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Why speak'st thou thus? When I have lost thee, ought I not to mourn?

IPHIGENIA.

Me will you never lose: for I am sav'd, And bright renown thro' me shall you obtain.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Yet, why didst thou assert that I thy death Must not bewail?

IPHIGENIA.

Because o'er me no tomb Shall be erected.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Is not death esteem'd A passport merely to the silent grave?

IPHIGENIA.

The [41] altar of Diana, sprung from Jove,
Will serve me for a monument.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

To thee
I yield, for thou, my Daughter, well hast spoken.

IPHIGENIA.

Happy myself, and to my native land
The greatest benefactors.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

What behest
To thy lamenting Sisters shall I bear?

IPHIGENIA.

Array them not in sable robes.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

But send'st thou
No fond remembrance to assuage their grief?

IPHIGENIA.

Health to the Virgins! breed Orestes up
With a maternal tenderness.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Embrace him,
For ye shall meet no more.

IPHIGENIA.

Thou, far as reach'd
Thy power, dear Brother, didst assist thy friends.

[41] "Iphigenia prophetically utters this enigma, the meaning of which is, that she shall be borne away by Diana to be the Priestess of her temple in Tauris." ERUMON.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Can I do aught at Argos for thy sake?

IPHIGENIA.

Hate not my Sire, your Husband.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

There remains.

For him, a dreadful conflict to endure
On thy account.

IPHIGENIA.

Most loth he in the cause
Of Greece, devoted me.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Ungenerous craft
He us'd, and such as ill beseem'd the race
Of Atreus.

IPHIGENIA.

Who will lead me to the altar,
Ere I am dragg'd by my dishevell'd hair?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Together will we go.

IPHIGENIA.

The Gods forbid!

You speak unwisely.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

To thy robes I'll cling.

IPHIGENIA.

By me advis'd, stay here; for to my fame,
And yours, your absence will far more conduce.
Let one of these attendants on my Sire
Conduct me to Diana's sacred mead,
Where as a chosen victim I shall fall.

R.2.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Depart'it thou, O my Child?

IPHIGENIA.

Yes, thither bound,
Whence fate ordains that I shall ne'er return.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Leaving thy Mother?

IPHIGENIA.

'Twas a doom, you see,

Unmerited.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Desert me not; stay, stay.

IPHIGENIA.

I will not suffer you to shed a tear.

Exit Clytemnestra.

But, O ye gentle Virgins, in sweet notes
 My hapless fate recording, chaunt the praise
 Of Diana, Daughter to imperial Jove.
 Thro' every rank, command the Grecian host
 From inauspicious language to abstain.
 The cannibals make ready, let the flames
 Be kindled to consume the salted carcases
 Us'd in lustrals: Let my Sire's right hand
 The altar touch; for e'en in death I bring
 Health to my country, triumph to its arms.

Lead me to blast the pride of Troy,
 Braid the victorious wreath, and spread
 Its vivid honours round my head;
 With lustral drops bedew the ground:
 In a wild dance of festive joy
 Surround'yon sacred fane; surround
 The altar, and in choral strain
 O celebrate Diana's reign.

Diana, Goddess ever blest,
For I a victim shall expire;
Since thus the Destinies require,
Fulfilming at my latest breath,
While struggling with the pangs of death,
Heaven's dread oracular behest.

C H O R U S.

For thee our eyes in tears we steep,
Majestic Mother, doom'd to grieve :
When Dian's temple shall receive
Her votive train we must not weep.

IPHIGENIA.

Ye blooming Virgins, lovely choir,
Unite to hymn Diana's praise,
For here, o'erlooking Chalcis, blaze
Her altars ; here with fruitless ire
Impatient of such long delay
Remains the host in Aulis' bay
By me detain'd. My natal Earth,
Thee I invoke, Pelargia's strand,
And fair Mycene, whence my birth
I date, that lov'd and happy land.

C H O R U S.

The walls thou nam'st did Perseus rear,
Assisted by the Cyclops' art.

IPHIGENIA.

From you, from you, ye realms most dear,
Erose, to Grecce a cheering light ;
Nor shrink I from death's lifted dart.

C H O R U S.

Thy fame shall flourish ever bright.

IPHIGENIA.

No more, thou blazing lamp of day,
 No more, O Jove's exhaustless fire,
 Shall I behold thy genial ray,
 But in far other mansions dwell.
 Once more, ere fleeting life expire,
 Farewell, Hyperion's beams, farewell.

Exit Iphigenia.

CHORUS.

See the triumphant Virgin go,
 With matchless prowess to destroy
 The fated battlements of Troy;
 For her the Istral stream shall flow,
 The braided wreath her front entwine;
 And soon with drops of crimson gore,
 That issue from her wounded breast,
 Shall she besprinkle Dian's shrine.
 Thy Father, in his trembling hands,
 Sustains the laver, and yon bands
 Eager to reach the hostile shore
 Of Ilion, and its walls invest,
 Expect their Princess in the fane.
 Th' immortal Maid, who springs from Jove,
 Fair Artemis, enthron'd above,
 Let us invoke in choral strain,
 The Grecian armament to speed.
 Thou, who in human victims slain
 Delight'st, thrice aweful Queen, the host
 Dismiss, to ravage Phrygia's coast,
 And lay Troy's perjur'd city low.
 May Agamemnon's arms bestow
 On Greece the victor's envied crown,
 And to the happy Monarch gain,

His [42] brows encircling with renown,
Trophies for ever to remain !

ATTENDANT [43], CHORUS.

ATTENDANT.

Daughter of Tyndarus, from these doors with speed
Come forth, O Clytemnestra, and attend
To the important message which I bring.

CLYTEMNESTRA, ATTENDANT, CHORUS.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Hearing your voice, yet trembling with dismay,
Higher I haste, wretch that I am, and dread
That you, my present sorrows to increase,
Are with more tidings sent of recent woe.

ATTENDANT.

Strange and most terrible accounts indeed
Are those which of your Daughter I would give.

[42] Barnes defends the Aldus reading of *τεσσαράκοντα*, *taum*, with great appearance of reason against Scaliger: but both Mr. Markland and Dr. Mugrave inform us, that the manuscripts concur in *τεσσαράκοντα*, *taum*, according to the conjectural alteration of that able critic.

[43] The circumstances of Clytemnestra's coming forth from her apartments immediately on hearing the voice of this person who seems to have been well known to her, and his familiarity in calling her *θεοπόντια*, "dear Mistress," induce me to consider him as the Aged Attendant, who on the marriage of Clytemnestra accompanied her from Sparta, and has repeatedly made his appearance in the course of the Tragedy; the printed editions call him *Ἄγγελος*, "Messenger;" but Mr. Markland thinks him not the same with the Messenger who comes in v. 414, and proposes adding him to the *Dramatis Personæ* as a *second Messenger*.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Delay not therefore, but this instant speak.

ATTENDANT.

My lov'd and honour'd Mistress, you shall hear
 A most explicit tale: the whole event
 From the beginning will I now recount, . . .
 If the confusion of my soul affect not
 My tongue, ere the strange history I conclude,
 Soon as we reach'd the grove and flow'ry mead
 Of Diana, where your Daughter was conducted.
 By a detachment of the Grecian troops,
 The host collected instantly around:
 But Agamemnon, soon as he beheld
 The Virgin at the sacred grove arrive . . . [cusp'd
 Where she was doom'd to bleed, groan'd deeply,
 His head aside, then wept and veil'd his eyes . . .
 Beneath his robe: close to her Sire she stood . . .
 And said, " My Father, I with joy attend
 " Thy summons, freely from my native land,
 " And for all Greece devote myself to bleed;
 " Conduct me to the altar of the Goddess;
 " Because Heaven's awful voice hath thus requir'd.
 " Thro' me may ye be blest, thro' me obtain
 " The glorious palm of conquest, and return
 " To your exulting country. Touch me not,
 " For I will bare my neck, resolv'd to fall
 " In silence, and with courage." Here she ceas'd:
 The wondering crowd who heard her, prais'd the spirit
 And valour of the Maid. Talthybius stood
 Amid the host, and mindful of his office,
 Bade the whole camp, from each ill-omen'd word
 Abstaining, with a silent awe attend.
 [44] Upon a golden canister, then plac'd

[44] In expressing this word *Karex* calathum by that of *Canister* in English, I have followed the example of Dryden, who renders *Vigil's tibi lilia plenis ferunt nymphæ calathis;*

Calchas the Seer, the sword, which he first drew,
 Then plung'd again into its sheath, and crown'd
 With braided flowers the lovely victim's head.
 But round the altar of the Goddess ran
 The Son of Peleus, in his hands he bore
 A canister, and vase with lustral streams,
 Exclaiming, " O thou Goddess of the chase,
 " Daughter of Jove, Diana, who pervad'it.
 " With thy resplended orb the midnight gloom,
 " Accept this sacrifice : the Grecian host,
 " And Agamemnon our illustrious King,
 " To thee devote this spotless Virgin's blood :
 " Grant an auspicious voyage to the fleet,
 " And that our arms may level Ilion's towers."

" White lilies in full Canisters they bring."

What more encourages me to do this, and indeed first suggested it to me, is the article *Canister* in Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, where this line is produced as an instance of the word's primary signification. The reading of Κολέων σωθεί is supported by the editions of Aldus, Basil 1537, Barnes, Mr. Markland, and, according to Dr. Musgrave, a concurrence of ancient manuscripts; the change of σωθεί into σωθεῖ occurs in the second Basil edition of 1544, and has been copied by Canterbury and others; it seems to have originated from the Latin version under the name of Dorotheus Camillus Basil 1541, where it stands *in viginis*; σωθεῖ is revived by Pieron and Reiskius, the former in his customary strain calls Barne's defence of σωθεῖ *inepta*, and expresses his restoring what is the genuine text, by the words *arripuit et intritit*. Lambinus's explanation of Lucretius's *ferrum celare ministros*, L. i. v. 91, cited by Dr. Musgrave, is, *vaginâ testum conditumque habere*. Dr. Musgrave, however, proposes reading ολέω σωθεί *intra molam fallam*, and abundantly proves from Homer and Aristophanes that salted cakes were borne on the canisters or baskets here spoken of: but the idea of hiding the sword destined to pierce the bosom of the Princess, by thrusting it into a cake, would very ill suit the dignity of the scene before us, and give it a ludicrous air, more resembling Dangerfield's meal-tub plot, than the sacrifice of Iphigenia.

But, fixing on the ground their fixed eyes,
 Both Atreas' sons, and every warrior stood;
 The Priest now seiz'd the falchion, to the Gods
 His prayers address'd, and mark'd the virgin's neck
 Where best to strike: "I felt no common pang,
 And stood with eyes fast rivetted to earth,
 When, lo, a miracle! all heard the stroke;
 But how the virgin vanish'd, whither went,
 Could no man comprehend. Loudly the Priest
 And the whole host cried out, when they beheld,
 Sent by some God, a phantom strange and wondrous:
 Scarce could they credit what their eyes survey'd.
 A gasping Hind lay stretch'd upon the ground,
 Of the most beauteous and majestic form;
 The altar of Diana with her gore
 Was sprinkled plentifully. "O think what joy
 Calchas then felt: "Ye valiant chiefs," he cried,
 "Of the confederate Grecian host, observe ye
 This victim, which the Goddess to her altar
 Hath brought, a Hind on the steep mountains bred!
 This to the Maid, she, lest illustrious blood
 Pollute her shrine, prefers, accepts our homage,
 Will grant a prosperous voyage, and our fleet
 Waft to the shores of Iliion: let fresh courage
 Each sailor warm, repair ye to your barks;
 This day the straits of Aulis shall we leave,
 borne on our passage cross the Ægean deep."
 Soon as the flame Vulcanian had consum'd
 The substituted victim, that the troops
 Victorious to their country might return [45]

[45] By rendering *σοίσ*, *tragedum*, instead of *reditum* (with the other versions, and conformably to the more obvious meaning of the word), Mr. Markland I apprehend greatly weakens this passage. Calchas has just been foretelling a prosperous voyage, and therefore to describe him immediately after as merely praying for that, would be an insipid tautology. But he

Melancholy

I
Th' intell.
He tells us
Borne to cele

What God hath stol'n.
Shall I invoke thee, wh.
But is not this a specious ta.
Merely that I no longer may
Thy fate?

prophetic skill ceased with foretelling the conque
the prayer which ensues, like that of Homer's Al
half of his friend Patroclus, and Arun's patriam re
glorius urbem in Virgil, must necessarily turn the thou
the reader to the *ασεσος τυχη* of the Grecian forces predicted by
Cassandra in Lycophron, and leave a very strong impression of
melancholy on his mind, from the knowledge he has that the
tows here offering up proved in a great measure ineffectual.

shores,

Wish'd Troy.

FINIS.

DEC 28 1938

